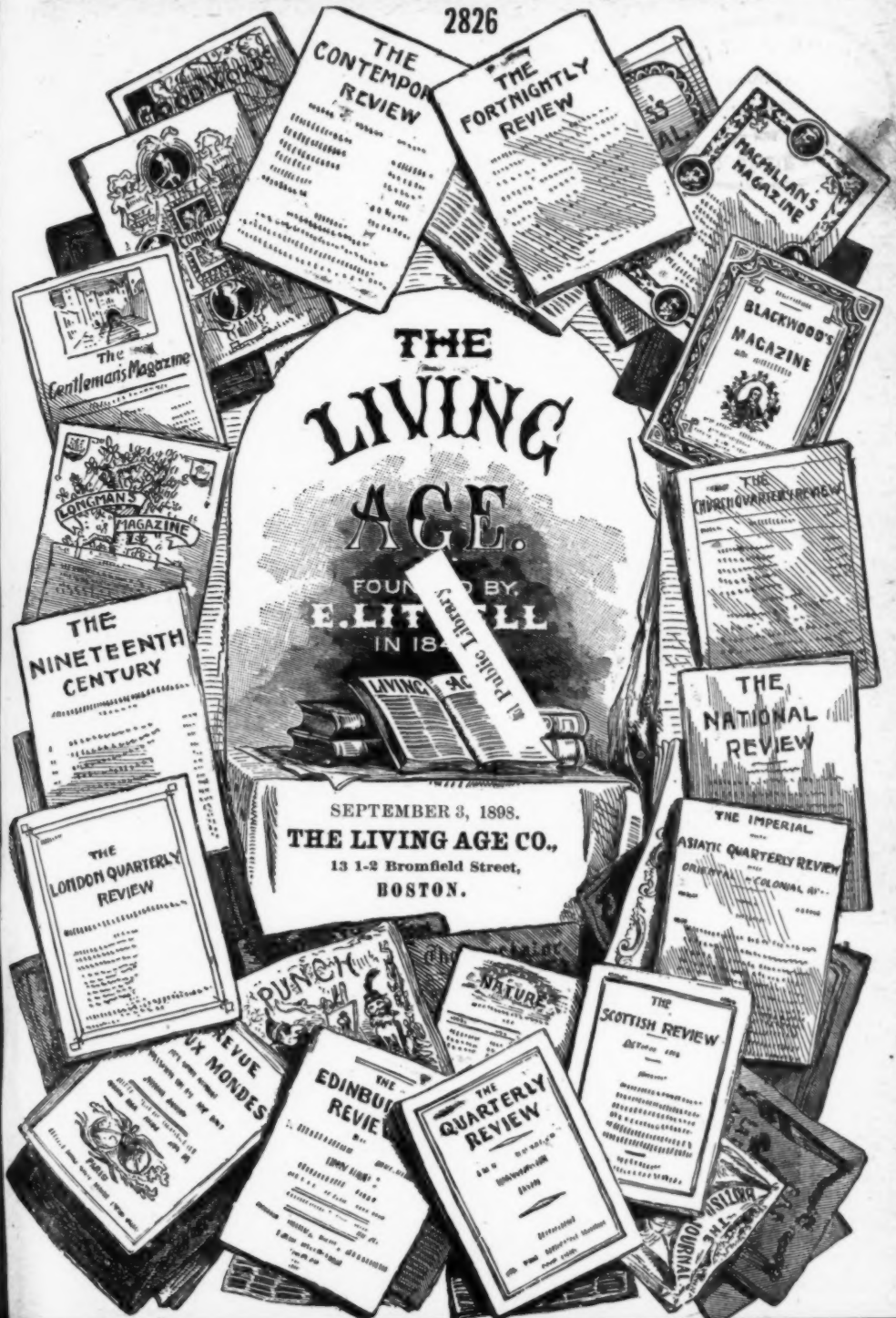


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Sixth Series,  
Volume XIX.

No. 2826—September 3, 1898.

{ From Beginning.  
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## THE RING-FENCE.

Oh, happy garden trees,  
By dim degrees  
Your subtle branches, muffing me about,  
Shut all my neighbors out!

Not that I love them less, but they  
Being fenced away,  
'Tis sweet to feel in oh! how small a  
round  
May peace and joy abound.

Sunday Magazine.

VIDA BRISS.

Whilst Rachel's voice laments her glorious sons!

The Death-wail sobs above the Victor-song;

Such tears might tarnish even Honor's prize,

And our sick hearts cry out, "How long! how long!

Lord God of battles? When wilt Thou arise?

When shall Thy Kingdom come—Thy Righteous Law,

Healing the nations from the wounds of war?"

Pall Mall Magazine. CHRISTIAN BURKE.

"THE PEOPLE THAT DELIGHT IN WAR."

## I.

Glitter of steel along the sunny street,  
A strain of martial music clear and loud,  
The stream of scarlet flowing like a tide  
'Mid the wild cheering of the eager crowd,

The blazoned banners floating far and wide,

And sounding over all the measured beat—

Like rolling drums—of those exultant feet  
That march to death or glory side by side.  
Thus they go forth who never may return,

A deadly fever fills the Nations' veins,  
The fires of Passion fierce and fiercer burn,

Till—as some captive panther bursts its chains—

Men stand amazed at that tremendous sight,

Empire 'gainst Empire arming in its might.

## II.

This is the pride of War. Ah! who shall tell  
The story's issue? 'Tis that redd'ning field

Across whose length a thirsty river runs,  
Fed with their blood who knew not how to yield;

Who died 'mid cannon's smoke and roar of guns,

And trampling hosts that crushed them as they fell;

'Mid strife that turns the fair earth into hell,

## IN LONDON TOWN.

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,

Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;

Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,

And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet!

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways

(Ah, the springy moss upon a northern moor!)

Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and byways,

Homeless in the city, poor among the poor!

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting

Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!

London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—

God! for the little brooks that tumble as they run!

O my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,

Soughing through the fir-tops up on northern fells!

O my eye's an-ache to see the brown burns flowing

Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-bells!

Quartier Latin.

ADA SMITH.

From The London Times.  
BISMARCK AND WILLIAM I.

PREFATORY NOTE.

My diary relates, under date Friedrichsruh, March 21, 1891: "After dinner, as he was reading the paper, the prince observed—I forget now in what connection—'One of these days, long after my death, little Busch will write a secret history of our time from good sources.' 'Yes, your Highness,' I answered, 'but it will not be a regular history. I cannot write that. It will be a compilation from good, trustworthy materials, conscientiously and copiously illustrated, and it will not be "long after" your death, which, of course, we wish to be deferred as long as possible, but immediately after it, for Truth in these corrupt times cannot be helped soon enough to the honor which is her due.' The prince said no more about the matter." I had, however, the "trustworthy materials" in the leaves of my diary, and in the original documents embodied in it. They extended over more than twenty years, and had been written down almost throughout immediately after interviews and talks with the chancellor. What was missing I was able to supply from verbal and written communications of Lothar Bucher's. These were made to me expressly for the diary, and were continued down to a few months before his death. The following are samples of a compilation on the secret history of our time, such as I had in my mind during that conversation with Bismarck.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S CHARACTER.

The reader will accept the following tribute to the memory of Prince Bismarck in the spirit in which it is intended. In treating of the relations between two such heroic figures as the first emperor of modern Germany and the first chancellor of the new empire, I have no wish to be taken for an iconoclast nor to emulate the democrat in tarnishing whatever is bright, but simply to discharge a duty which is felt more impressively and imperatively by one whose privilege it has

been to look behind the scenes and to hear and see something of the inner course of events, and who has used his opportunities to the best of his ability. It is a task which makes one grateful to Providence for the opportunities of collecting information indispensable to its proper and fearless performance. If an attempt is made here to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about high and honored personages, it is not for the satisfaction of laying something new and sensational before the world. There are, doubtless, other initiated and well-informed persons to whom these disclosures as a whole will be no astonishing revelation. Such persons assent to the current legends only because they think they have good reasons to do so, reasons which are not conclusive to me, or at least do not carry the same weight as the imperative dictates of truth and justice. And surely, if in fairness to the chancellor I describe the monarch as he really was, the latter can well afford the loss of certain qualities which may have to be denied to him, and which, however essential they may be, belong only to the highest, to ideal heroes. Does that denial seriously detract from the grateful veneration paid to his memory? I venture to answer—No. If the fabled traits and merits assigned to him vanish under criticism, enough remains to make him seem great of his kind—especially if we compare him with his predecessors or with his successors. If he passes from the first rank to the second, he still remains a man of no common kind on thrones, for he overcame himself.

Supported by the materials in my possession, I venture to assert that to transfer certain features, certain intellectual and moral qualities by which the course of events was decided, from the counsellor to the master with whom the formal decision lay, is to refuse to Truth her rights. An instance of such refusal is to be found in the statement of popular history—even of the better kind—that the German Empire was founded "by" (*durch*) William I. The word "under" should have been used

instead of "by," for almost every page of that history shows clearly and unanswerably who supplied the true motive power, who was the real hero of the drama. I know that the usual practice is a habit, a *façon de parler*, a matter of etiquette, which does not seem of much importance. But it does mischief. It is misunderstood by the masses, and it misleads their judgment. The custom ought therefore to be dropped, and the abuse left to the Byzantine servility of courtiers and their hangers-on in the daily press, to whom such language is a second nature. To my mind it may seem allowable on occasions, and in the momentary interest of the monarchical principle, to state that the king commanded in such and such a victory, although in modern times Frederick the Great and Napoleon are the only sovereigns who have done so. But court fables of that kind cannot be repeated often without danger. Such a fable is the assertion that the Empire was founded "by" the king, when all the world must know that the thought itself, together with the means and the impulse to its accomplishment, proceeded from Bismarck, and that at most the necessary sanction was given from above, a sanction which it was hard enough to get for individual acts in the programme. *Suum cuique*. And is the monarchical principle in truth and in the long run served by flattering phrases and inflated fictions, and not rather by a conscientious and impartial presentation of the facts, wherein the representative of that principle finally receives the degree of acknowledgment due to him as the master and arbiter of the situation? In accordance with these views of mine I have examined by the light of my materials the features of the immortalized emperor as they live in popular belief. I have rejected those that did not correspond with these materials. I have reduced the whole portrait to its true dimensions. I have tried to show that the hero had his weaknesses and his defects, besides his incontestable good qualities, and that, had he been

confronted single-handed with his task, or left to maladroit and pusillanimous advisers, those weaknesses and defects would have rendered him no hero at all. As a prince he illuminates the firmament of history with the glory of his crown, but as a man he shines like the moon with a light that is not his own.

The Emperor William was of a noble disposition, a born gentleman, kindly, good-natured and fair-minded. He was a prince with a particularly strong sense of conscientious obligation and duty in relation to his office and his people, when once his duty was clear to him. His conscientiousness impelled him to incessant labor even in advanced old age; and from the conception which he held of his kingly office and the somewhat restricted sphere of his own acquirements, his industry was at times far from agreeable to those who worked with him, and delayed the despatch of business. This was because he believed that he ought to decide everything himself, while he was not always at the moment possessed of the full acquaintance with the facts indispensable to a decision. He was born and he grew up in the old days of absolutism, and he had never been anything but a soldier when he came to the throne. He had thus grown accustomed to issue commands which must be obeyed without conditions or demur. He overcame this habit to the best of his power, but his loyalty towards the new institutions which imposed upon him such restrictions never became a loyalty of the heart. It remained a loyalty of the reasoning faculties, a submission to an inevitable evil, a fidelity to a duty once undertaken. To turn to foreign affairs, he accordingly stood for a considerable time under the influence of family traditions. On the whole, they corresponded with German interests, but they did not always show him the right way. More than once court intrigue in the person of high-placed ladies achieved a transient success in disturbing the orbit of the chancellor. It approached the ears of the monarch at one time in

tones of discouragement, and at another in accents of zeal; one day its voice was a voice of warning, and next day a voice of denunciation; oftenest of all it was a voice preaching peace. Assuredly the path on which his high vocation placed him was steep. He had to reconcile the old order with the new at home, and to bring the German question to a prosperous issue abroad. To overlook the steepness of the road in front and the precipices on either side, to see the goal and to persist step by step in the resolve to reach it, needed the mind of a hero, and this mind as a gift of nature is found only in wholly exceptional men. In others it must be implanted from without and constantly nurtured, and of such was the old emperor. Quick insight and rapid and resolute determination in decisive moments were not amongst his gifts. Accordingly there was usually a long pause before he fully apprehended the task before him and took the resolutions it entailed. But good fortune compensated this defect of his—good fortune or a providential dispensation—by placing at his side a counsellor who was endowed with that very insight and determination, and, who, little by little, became his *alter ego*. In doubtful situations at the parting of the ways, in great ventures, Bismarck's wider field of vision and Bismarck's stronger soul were ever needed if the king was to prove himself a hero and to gain the victory. The king did not lack the personal courage which contemns physical dangers. He had it in abundance. But he would have given way before difficulties of another kind, where plenty of moral courage was required; he would fain have avoided having to bring the musket to his shoulder, had he not found support in a man of greater resolution and better fitted to the occasion—a man who by hints and incitements, by direct appeal and exhortation, supported his arms and stiffened his back. After such hours of exhortation the difficulties and dangers were faced boldly and without hesitation, for then physical courage came into play.

#### THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONFLICT.

Has too much or too little been said upon this point?—Let my readers judge by some of the instances which I am in a position to produce. On September 27, 1888, my diary says—here, as in all cases, in accordance with a note taken at the time:—

In the evening, after dinner (at Friedrichsruh, where I was then engaged for several weeks in arranging his more important papers), the prince said, looking up from his newspaper, "Yes, from 1840 onwards the princes have begun to degenerate. I will give you [he looked at me] an example or two. When the Emperor William, as he afterwards was, was not yet Regent, a reactionary intrigue was on foot in which Manteuffel was pretty closely concerned, and with which I also was to have co-operated. It was based on a plan for inducing the sick king to revoke the full powers he had given and for allowing Queen Elizabeth to govern through the ministers. However, I had nothing to do with it, but I went to him at Baden—or was it some other place in the south?—and I told him all about it. He was not alarmed at the plan. He was quite ready to retire at once. He was entirely indifferent. But I made representations to him. 'What would happen then? It is your duty to hold out. You should send for Manteuffel at once and forbid him to go on.' Manteuffel came after some hesitation, excusing himself on the score of illness, and the story was kept quiet. Then in Babelsberg when I was summoned to become minister. In his despair he had the text of the act of abdication already signed, and it was not until I had offered to hold out with him even against the Parliament, even against the majority of the House of Deputies, that he tore it up, together with a long list of Liberal concessions which he had also drawn up. He had now regained courage and confidence and a sense of his kingly duty, which till now had seemed pitiful to him in his own pitiful plight. He held fast enough to it afterwards, so that down to his last years my late master sometimes embarrassed me with his sense of duty, as his knowledge of affairs was limited, and it was but slowly that he accommodated himself to what was new."

In a conversation which I had with the chancellor on the 11th of April, 1877, at Berlin, and of which the Empress Augusta and her steady undermining of his policy formed the chief subject, he said amongst other things (again according to my diary):—

The emperor is growing old and allows himself to be influenced more and more by her. He never had the strong character which many ascribe to him. I remember yet in the time of the "conflict," when things were at their worst, he once came back from his summer holiday at a watering place where his wife had frightened him about the Opposition. I went to meet him at Jüterbock in the evening and got into the carriage with him. He was very much cast down, talked of the scaffold, and thought of abdicating. I said to him that I did not believe things stood in so bad a case, that the Prussians were no Frenchmen, and that instead of thinking about Louis XVI. he ought to remember Charles I., who had died for his honor and his rights. If he was to be beheaded, let him, too, die for his honor and his rights. As for me, I, too, would gladly suffer the same fate if it must be so. There I had caught him by the sword-knot and spoken to him as to a king and an officer. He brightened up, and when we reached Berlin he was again thoroughly reasonable. In the evening he moved about quite cheerfully amongst a large company.

#### THE CONGRESS OF PRINCES.

In 1863 Bismarck was again called upon to exercise his art and science as "soul-doctor" to his master. This time it was in a matter of wider bearings, as he restrained the king under grievous temptation from a false step in the German question, which had now become burning. He prevented a fateful decision which the king, from considerations of sentiment, was on the point of taking, and, in fact, had already half taken. I refer to the Congress of Princes of that year, and the intended transformation of the Germanic Confederation with the personal participation of King William. If this design had been carried out it would have not only arrested the natural development of events, but completely reversed their

course. Let us shortly recapitulate the plan and progress of the incident, which is now half forgotten by reason of the greater events of the next seven years. We will allow Bismarck at the end to speak again in his own words.

It is well known that the Austrian plan for the reorganization of the Confederation commended itself chiefly by the openly acknowledged danger of the existing situation. Even many reputed patriots (I am thinking particularly of Liberals whom the government in Prussia did not please—for example, Duke Ernest of Coburg-Gotha and his myrmidons) agreed without reluctance that a directorate of five princes should be placed at the head of the future Confederation; that the Diet should transact current business, but that, in addition to it, a Legislature should be created, composed of an Upper House of Sovereigns which should meet from time to time, and of a Lower House of Delegates from the individual States and Diets, which should be invested with consultative functions. A Congress of Princes was to decide about the acceptance of this proposal, which, if closely examined, contained no amelioration either for Prussia or for Germany proper, but rather grave disadvantages for both. In the second half of July, King William went to Gastein in Bismarck's company to take the baths. Here the Emperor Francis Joseph paid him a visit in order to lay before him a memorandum and to enter upon a preliminary discussion of the plan, while informing him at the same time that the Congress of Princes would be convened to decide upon it on August 16. The king did not at once reject the project, but expressed certain objections, which he repeated by letter to the emperor after his departure. He followed them up under Bismarck's advice by a proposal that in the first place the questions should be submitted for examination to a conference of ministers before it was decided by the princes. The same day he definitely refused by telegraph the official invitation for the 16th of August, which had reached him in the mean-



time. Three days afterwards, however, a new invitation followed, which proposed that in case his Majesty's course of treatment at the baths should not allow him to appear at Frankfurt he should be represented by a prince of his House with full powers. This proposal, also, at Bismarck's instance, of course, was rejected off-hand. On the return journey to Baden, on which the minister again accompanied the king, a visit of several days was paid at Wildbad, where the Dowager Queen Elizabeth of Prussia was staying, to the Queen of Bavaria, whose husband had already gone to Frankfurt. This visit and the stay at Baden-Baden which followed were occupied by discussions for and against the appearance of King William at the Congress of Princes or his absence from it, which meant respectively the success or the failure of the Austrian project. Bismarck steadily recommended abstinence. The royal ladies, on the other hand, were at first one and all of the contrary opinion. The reigning queen and the dowager, the Queen of Bavaria, although of course she was a Prussian princess, and the king's daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, all wished him to go and co-operate. From Berlin the Austrian party in that city, whose most zealous member was the Prussian Minister of State, Von Schleinitz, quietly worked for the personal participation of King William in the negotiations and vote of the Congress. The king was still undecided whether in the end he should not go to the meeting, and though he inclined to Bismarck's advice, still a last attempt threatened to change his mind and bring him round to a different decision. The efforts to win him over culminated in the arrival of King John of Saxony, who appeared in Baden accompanied by his minister, Von Beust, to present in the name of the princes assembled at Frankfurt a fresh invitation to take part in their labors. King William already hesitated at the news that this visit was intended. It was hard to dissuade him from the view that he was bound to listen to an appeal in support

of which a crowned head intervened as a sort of Cabinet messenger. On his arrival the King of Saxony, as is well known, a highly-gifted prince greatly respected by King William, exerted himself so zealously, with Beust's support, and with such earnest arguments *ad hominem* to induce his Prussian Majesty to go to Frankfurt that for a moment he almost succeeded. When the Saxon prince had departed, King William remained in a state of extreme nervous excitement, and when Bismarck had wrung from him a definite letter of refusal he was himself "so exhausted and dead beat that he could hardly stand or walk."

The greater part of this account, the part, namely, that relates to the events at Gastein, is founded on statements which Bismarck made to me at Friedrichsruh at the end of the summer of 1883. I supplement them from a leaf of my diary which was written in September, 1870, shortly after a conversation at tea on the same subject, wherein the chancellor himself is again the narrator. "Yes, there were then hard struggles," he said, as he ended a reminiscence of his arduous labors over the Schleswig-Holstein business, "struggles that needed better nerves than mine. And, again, before the Congress of Princes at Frankfurt, when the King of Saxony had been in Baden to persuade our king to go to Frankfurt. It was literally in the sweat of my brow that I dissuaded him from it." I asked, after some conversation, whether the king then really wished to join the other princes. "Most certainly," he answered. "With infinite labor I held him fast by the coat-tails. He could not have thought otherwise," he added, "when a king had acted as a sort of courier for his sake. The women were all in favor of it, the dowager queen first, Augusta and the rest of them. I told the dowager that I would not remain minister and would not go back to Berlin if the king allowed himself to be won over. Then she said she would be sorry for that, and if that was really my intention she must change hers,

and she would then, although greatly against her convictions, work upon her brother-in-law in this direction. Still it was made bitter work enough for me. After the King of Saxony and Beust had been with him he lay on the sofa and cried hysterically, and when I had wrung from him the final letter of refusal I was so weak and tired that I could hardly keep my legs. I reeled as I left the room, and I was in such a state of nervous excitement and exhaustion that as I shut the door to the anteroom I broke the door-handle. The aide-de-camp on duty asked me if I was unwell. 'No,' I answered. 'Now I am all right again.' But I told Beust that if necessary I would ask the commander of the Prussian regiment at Rastatt for men to garrison the house and protect our master from further temptation and injury to his health." Keudell told me that the minister had also intended to have his Saxon colleague actually arrested in case he came back.

Bismarck was indeed now all right again. He had gained the victory at last *per tot discrimina rerum*. He had saved his king, Prussia and all Germany from a step which must infallibly have had deplorable results, and which might have postponed, possibly forever, certainly for a long period, the whole future destined to become the splendid present in which we now rejoice. The thought of Germany that lived within him celebrated a great triumph which cleared the way to future victories.

#### SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

To about the same period belong Bismarck's reminiscences of his labors in the Schleswig-Holstein business, which he mentioned on September 11, 1870, just before relating what occurred at Baden-Baden. The following is what my diary contains on the subject:—

At last the conversation turned on the policy of former years, and the chancellor said: "Still, what I am most proud of is our success in the Schleswig-Holstein business, out of which a diplomatic com-

edy or intrigue might be made for the stage. Austria, indeed, from what appears respecting her attitude in the records of the Diet of the Confederacy (she was, of course, bound to show some consideration for the latter), was not at first disposed to act with the Augustenburger. Then she wanted to get out of the embarrassment into which she brought herself with the Congress of Princes. What I wanted I declared immediately after the King of Denmark's death, in a long speech at a sitting of the Council of State. I wanted the duchies for Prussia. The protocol had at first left out the most important part of my speech. The writer thought that I had had too much for lunch, and that I should be glad if that part were omitted. I took care, however, that it was re-inserted. But my idea was hard to carry through. Everybody was against it; the Austrians, the English, the Liberal and non-Liberal small German States, the Opposition in the Diet, influential people at court, the majority of the newspapers. Yes, there were hard battles in those days, and the hardest of all were with the court and with him too [the king] with his irresolution."

Let the reader compare with this the page of my diary dated October 19, 1877, which reports a conversation with the chancellor at Varzin. Here, as always in these memoirs, we have an immediate transcript of what I had heard.

We were talking (at dinner) about the outbreak of the war with France, and the chief said: "When I became prince they wanted to give me Alsace and Lorraine in my coat of arms. But I would rather have had Schleswig-Holstein there, for that is the diplomatic campaign of which I am most proud."

"Holstein? You wanted that from the first?"

"Yes," answered the prince; "certainly, immediately after the death of the King of Denmark. But it was hard. Everybody was against me on the subject. The crown prince and princess, because of the relationship at first, and indeed, for some time, his Most Gracious himself; also the Austrians, the smaller German States, the English, who grudged it to us. We managed it with Napoleon, who thought to put us under an obligation. Finally, the

Liberals at home were against us about it. For once in a way they upheld the right of princes. But that was only out of hatred and envy towards me. The Schleswig-Holsteiners, too, would not have it, and I don't know who besides. We had a sitting of the Council of State then, where I made one of the longest speeches I ever got through, and said a great deal that must have struck those who listened to it as unheard of and impossible. I told the king, for instance, that all his predecessors had added some territory to the State. His late royal brother was the only one who had not done so. Would he, too, act in the same way? To judge by their appearance of astonishment they evidently thought that I had taken too much for lunch. C. was keeping the protocol, and when I examined it I found that just those passages in which I had spoken most plainly and strongly had been left out. I drew his attention to this and complained. Yes, he said, that was quite right, but he thought that I should have been glad to see them left out. I answered, "Certainly not. You thought perhaps that I had—? I insist that the words be inserted just as I spoke them."

#### HOW BISMARCK PREPARED THE FRENCH WAR.

We come now to another of the examples that I have chosen of this side of Bismarck's activity. It is also the most interesting, as it shows him in his relation to William I. as a clarifying and strengthening medium, or, to revert to the former metaphor, as the "soul-doctor" of the sovereign, in a particularly strong light. The real statesman will, as long as possible, avoid war, which is the violent solution of political questions, for war is and in all circumstances remains an evil. But if the *ultima ratio regum* can no longer be avoided without danger or neglect of duty, if war has become necessary for the sake of higher ends, then he hastens its outbreak while his prospects of victory are more favorable than they seem likely to become in the immediate future. Reason and duty bid him do so. His conduct deserves no blame, but high renown and thanks of patriot hearts. An occasion of this kind had

arisen when Germany's development towards complete unity had begun after the war of 1866. The anger of the French after Sadowa was unparalleled and all their passions were unchained. Not only was their pride hurt and their envy inflamed, but they pretended that their interests were imperilled and their safety menaced by the aggrandizement of the new Power on their eastern borders. Jealousy of Prussia seized all classes of the nation, and the Emperor Napoleon would have had to fear for his crown had he not obtained from Prussia, either peaceably or by force or arms, some cession of territory or some tranquillizing assurances as to her development, or had he allowed the North German Confederation to extend beyond the line of the Main. At first the French emperor attempted to gain his purpose peacefully. Then he proceeded to prepare for war by military organization and by negotiations with Austria and Italy for an offensive and defensive alliance. War was now only a question of time, particularly as Ultramontane voices were raised in favor of it at the Court of St. Cloud. In spite of all this, Bismarck knew how to keep the peace so long as it seemed practicable; so long as, in view of the liberal era inaugurated in France, there was still a hope that the task of Germany might be completed without interference and thus without bloodshed; so long, too, as Germany was not yet strong enough to be sure, humanly speaking, of victory, should war be inevitable. He adopted a dilatory policy in two directions. He withheld open encouragement from the patriots of the South and North, who were striving to unite across the barrier of the Main, although even one South German Government favored their views. He also left the repeated offers and demands of French diplomacy without a definite answer, so that a remnant of hope of an understanding was still left to the Emperor Napoleon. He even yielded to the wishes of Napoleon in the Luxemburg question so far as this could be done without serious disadvantage, and so

far as seemed useful in order to prove his own love of peace.

Patience and foresight had marked all his steps hitherto. But from the spring of 1870 another policy became advisable. Germany was sufficiently consolidated and advanced in her military preparations to wage a successful war. On the other hand, the chancellor had satisfied himself that the new constitutional system of government in Paris could not much longer postpone the attack. The enemy was growing stronger by degrees as a military Power, and the alliances Napoleon contemplated seemed to be near conclusion. If hope had been hitherto compatible with patience, danger now visibly existed in delay. The German statesman was accordingly compelled to exchange the policy of procrastination for one calculated to precipitate the inevitable. He had to discover some practical way of inducing the French, who were eager but not yet quite ready for war, to throw aside the reserve observed by both Governments, and fling down a challenge. He had to do this so that no antecedent injury or other imperative reason for the challenge should be visible to the watchful eyes of Europe. In other words, he had to find the drop which was wanting to make the seething caldron in Paris boil over just at that moment. To tell the plain truth, the French had to be goaded on (*gereizt*), and their foolish fury made it possible to do so in such a way that they seemed to the neutral Powers to be wanton disturbers of the peace.

The eye to discover the best bait on such an occasion for the envious and arrogant Gallic cock and the hand to prepare and set it effectively were to be found in the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin. The Spanish envoy, Salsazar y Mazaredo, had unconsciously provided the opportunity. He had formed the idea of placing on the throne, rendered vacant through the expulsion of Queen Isabella, the hereditary prince of Hohenzollern, who possessed many qualifications for the post. He was a Catholic, like the Spanish people. As

grandson of Stephanie Beauharnais, he was much more closely related to the Emperor Napoleon than to King William. Finally, he was a son-in-law of the King of Portugal—a monarch preferred at St. Cloud as a candidate for the Spanish crown to the Duc de Montpensier, who was also put forward by one party. Prince Leopold had been mentioned so long ago as October, 1868, by Spanish newspapers amongst the possible candidates for the vacant throne. In February, 1869, Salazar referred to him as the most desirable candidate next to his father-in-law, the King of Portugal. These allusions in the press, which the French regarded—perhaps rightly—as feelers put forward by the Government, caused them so early as March, 1869, to have inquiries made through their ambassador at Berlin, first from the secretary of state, Von Thiele, and afterwards from the chancellor of the confederation himself, as to the attitude of the government on the subject. Benedetti received Napoleon's verbal instructions to add in the mildest form possible that the French nation would not tolerate the accession of the Prince of Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne, and that it must therefore be prevented. In fact, the Parisian press had already raised a strong protest against "the Prussian candidature." The ambassador discharged his commission by telling the Chancellor of the Confederation that his Government took the strongest interest in the proceedings across the Pyrenees. This was to convey a menace, as he had been instructed, in the mildest form possible. Still, to a diplomatist with a knowledge of men and a wide range of vision the menace was apparent. At any rate, it was a light on the situation, if Bismarck still wanted one. He now knew accurately where he was and shaped his future course accordingly. For the present, while caution was still required, he answered Benedetti's question by telling him that in the insecurity of things in Spain King William would probably not advise Prince Leopold to accept the crown if it were

offered to him, and that the prince's father, Prince Anton, so far as he knew, was of the same opinion. He had good information on the point.

THE HOHENZOLLERN CANDIDATURE AT  
MADRID.

In the meanwhile the Spanish throne was offered to King Ferdinand of Portugal, and then to the Duke of Aosta, a son of Victor Emanuel, but refused by both. By this time the regency had come to think of Prince Leopold in earnest, and had commissioned Salazar to go to him and to sound him in case of his eventual election as king. Salazar first sought the Prussian minister at Munich, to whom he had introductions, and had then, through his intervention, an interview with Prince Karl Anton on September 17 in Schloss Weinberg. He found the prince not altogether disinclined to the proposal, but the prince at first indicated Leopold's brother, Prince Charles of Roumania, who was just then staying at Weinberg, as better suited for the post. Prince Charles, however, would not hear of exchanging his little throne on the Dumbrovitza for a greater one upon the Manzanares, probably because the latter seemed to him also beset with greater cares. So Salazar was thrown back again upon Leopold. But he too showed little disposition to accept the proposal, and the negotiator from Madrid travelled home at last with the not very satisfactory answer that the question would be first taken into serious consideration after certain conditions had been fulfilled—conditions which then seemed hardly likely to be realized, such as, for example, the unanimous election of the prince by the Cortes. Salazar's mission might thus be regarded as almost a failure. In Madrid it was now resolved (at the end of 1869) to approach Duke Thomas of Genoa, the nephew of the King of Italy. Another refusal followed, although the position had materially improved in the meantime. The Regency, in their embarrassment, returned to the Hohenzollern prince, and Salazar, for the second time, betook himself to

Germany, on this occasion to offer the crown officially to Prince Leopold. As he had found out by his visit to Weinberg that the Hohenzollerns made their assent depend upon that of King William as supreme head of the family, General Prim gave him a letter to the latter and he went in the first instance to Berlin to request an audience. This was not accorded to him, but the king convoked the whole ministry to discuss the subject. The crown prince and Moltke attended, and Prince Karl Anton and his son Leopold were summoned to Berlin. The ministers, Bismarck and Moltke, recommended the acceptance of the crown in the interests of the State. The crown prince expressed scruples on the subject. The king in the end left it to the Hohenzollern princes to decide as they thought best. Prince Leopold concluded to refuse and immediately so informed Salazar, who had remained for two weeks in Berlin. His father had, however, become more and more favorable to the plan which promised fame and greatness to his house. The only thing that frightened him was the thought that his son as King of Spain might come into conflict with the Curia and perhaps incur excommunication in consequence of the anti-clerical laws which had just been passed at Madrid. In all other respects Leopold's refusal grieved him. Accordingly he attempted to secure the advancement of the family through Leopold's brother Frederick, who was to take Leopold's place as candidate. But Frederick would consent only upon condition that the king expressly commanded him to do so, and as no such command was forthcoming he dropped the whole business at the end of a few weeks.

The candidature would have ended in irresolution and indecision if Bismarck had not taken it up. When the king gave Prince Leopold a free hand he proceeded from the view that the question was a purely family one, which opened up to the House of Hohenzollern a prospect of increased dignity, but also involved some risk, while it offered no advantage to the



State. The crown prince shared this opinion. Bismarck saw further and deeper. From the beginning he discerned in the occupation of the Spanish throne by a friendly prince the possibility of establishing in the rear of France a State friendly to Germany. This State, when the question of German unification had matured, and the armed opposition which it would inevitably call forth ultimately took place, would compel the French indirectly—and that was all that would be wanted—to leave a portion of their forces behind in order to watch their doubtful neighbor on the southwest. Of an absolute alliance there was naturally no thought. To such considerations there was undoubtedly superadded, in remembrance of Benedetti's mildly threatening question, the probability that if Napoleon was suddenly informed of the candidature he would make it a *casus belli*. In the spring of 1870, this thought was uppermost in the mind of the Chancellor of the Confederation, and it explains his tenacious adherence to the candidature which he regarded as by no means disposed of by Prince Leopold's refusal. Just before Easter he sent Lothar Bucher to Madrid to acquaint himself with the situation there, and he gave him an encouraging letter to Prim. At the same time Major von Versen, a Prussian officer, was commissioned to inform himself on the spot about the army, and inspections of Spanish regiments were arranged for that purpose. Bismarck was never tired of secretly urging Prince Karl Anton to influence his son and persuade him after all to accept the throne, a step which he represented as a patriotic duty.

The letter to Prim fulfilled its object. After the prince had written to announce his refusal to the general, the latter replied that he would not yet give up hope, and that he therefore could not accept the refusal. When Bucher and von Versen returned from their visit to Spain and reported very favorably on the state of things there, King William attributed these accounts to the flattering reception given

to the two agents by the Regency. With Prince Leopold, however, they accomplished the conversion for which Bismarck had striven, and in the last week of April he was ready to accept the candidature. He expressed himself in this sense to the crown prince, who informed his father and Bismarck. The king agreed to the acceptance as he had formerly agreed to the refusal. Bismarck wrote to Prince Karl Anton to confirm his son in his present decision and at the same time reported the change to Prim. Salazar was accordingly commissioned to obtain Prince Leopold's personal and direct assent. The Spanish agent went first to Berlin, where he persuaded Bucher to accompany him in seeking out the Hohenzollern prince who was supposed to be at Reichenhall. They did not find him there, but they found his wife, from whom they learnt that he was with his father at Sigmaringen. Here, on the 16th of June, they obtained without further difficulties the long-desired assent. They proceeded immediately to Ems, where Bucher requested an audience with the king, who had arrived in the meantime, and related to him the outcome of their journey. He then travelled to his chief at Varzin to make a similar report. Salazar returned to Madrid on June 23d to announce his success to Prim.

It was agreed that the matter at first should be kept a close secret, and this was done at Bismarck's request. It was important to him that nothing should be known in Paris of the actual state of the candidature until Prince Leopold's election as king had been completed by the Cortes and a *fait accompli* brought about. When once that was done, a French protest would have been resented by the Spaniards as a most grievous contempt of their right to decide for themselves. It would also have offended other Powers as a piece of sheer arrogance and an insult to a neighboring people independent of France. Germany, it would have been said, was to be debarred from assuming the attitude which befitted her, and Spain from having the king whom the



representatives of the people desired. But the surprise which it was thus intended to spring upon the vigilance of the French missed fire. In consequence of a misunderstanding of the despatch which announced Salazar's speedy return, he found the Cortes adjourned for three months on his arrival. Prim was obliged to convene them again for the election. He appointed July 17th for the sitting, and, as silence appeared to him no longer possible or no longer needful, he informed Mercier, the French ambassador, that the Hohenzollern prince was a candidate and that he had accepted the offer. Mercier at once reported the matter to his government. The question, which had developed very slowly hitherto, now in accordance with and now against Bismarck's wishes, swept forward rapidly towards a crisis. Gramont's hatred of the Prussians, his want of dexterity, and his undiplomatic heat, which rendered abortive the compromise that was still conceivable, and the bigoted frame of mind of the Empress Eugénie, contributed more to this result than the emperor, who was in ill-health and rarely acted impetuously. Gramont's character was an element in the good fortune which assisted Bismarck's efforts for the unification of Germany. That he understood it and had taken account of it in his calculations was one of the merits of his genius. He was now to have what he had wished for when promoting the candidature of the Hohenzollern prince with so much zeal and energy. His plan had succeeded—unless some new obstacle at the last moment prevented the trap from shutting down on the bait—unless, that is, the decision of his old lord and master failed.

The news of the acceptance of Prim's offer by the prince and of the king's approbation had pretty much the same effect in Paris as the display of a red rag on a very ill-conditioned bull. As the chancellor had been able to guess from the nature of the French in general and particularly from their blind rancor since Königgrätz, they did not

think of the very close relationship of Napoleon and the very distant relationship of King William to the candidate for the Spanish throne, but regarded the choice of a Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain as an attempt to revive the empire of Charles V., or at least they acted as if they did. The desired pretext had been secured, probably in the best conceivable shape, and the heat and haste of passion did the rest. The king, who was still staying at Ems and had no minister with him, was at once besieged with remonstrances that were soon repeated with growing urgency. On July 9 he was called upon to pacify Europe by ordering Prince Leopold to withdraw his candidature. A scarcely veiled menace of war from Gramont in the *Corps Législatif* and an explicit menace to the Prussian ambassador had preceded this demand. The king answered the ambassador Benedetti, who was commissioned to make this pressing demand, that he had not encouraged the prince to accept the crown, but had merely abstained from refusing him permission to do so. He could not now compel him to renounce it. Application should be made to the government at Madrid, and they should be persuaded to abandon the project. On the 11th Benedetti repeated the demand of his emperor. On the 11th telegraphic intelligence reached Ems that the hereditary prince had revoked his former assent, and with this the cause of strife seemed to be disposed of. Now, however, Gramont produced a further demand, which was absolutely inadmissible. He asked the representative of Prussia in Paris for a letter of apology from the king to the emperor, and Baron Werther supported this disgraceful suggestion. Benedetti, under instructions from his minister, added the further suggestion that the king should explicitly approve the renunciation of the hereditary prince and pledge himself, besides, never to give his assent to a revival of the prince's candidature for the Spanish throne.

Up to this King William had made many concessions in the matter—more, indeed, than his chief counsellor ap-

proved of—"in order to spare Germany the evils of war." But to this last act of audacity he could not submit, and now I shall let Bismarck himself tell the rest.

#### THE EMS DESPATCH.

On October 19, 1877, in continuation of the story of his conversation with the king on the railway journey from Jüterbock to Berlin, he told us what follows next about the first interview between the king and Benedetti, and then about the further course of events:—

It was soon observed that the king [I repeat his words exactly as they fell from him and without addition] began to swallow all this, and was ready to pocket another Olmütz. I was then at Varzin, and as I was passing through Wussow, on the way to Berlin, the parson stood at his door and saluted me. I described a sabre cut in the air to show that war was now let loose. But in Berlin the news was not good. I then telegraphed to him [King William] that if he again received Benedetti, I requested my dismissal. As no answer came, I telegraphed that if he had received Benedetti I considered that as equivalent to an acceptance of my resignation. Then came the telegram of two hundred lines from Abeken. Thereupon I got Moltke and Roon to a dinner of three, and told them how things stood. Roon was beside himself. So was Moltke ["He suddenly looked very old and infirm," the chancellor had observed when he spoke at Versailles of these events]. I asked Moltke if he were thoroughly prepared for such a war. He replied that, humanly speaking, we could hope for victory. Then, without altering a word of the king's, I made twenty lines out of the two hundred and read it out to them. They said in that shape it would do, and then I sent it to all our embassies—naturally not to Paris—and had it inserted in the Berlin papers, and, in fact, "it did do." The French took it excessively ill.

In view of the importance of this quotation, I wish to be allowed to add another account of the same incident, which completes it and illustrates more clearly Bismarck's services.

In my diary I find a conversation at table at Versailles on December 19, 1870, where these words occur:—

Geheimrath von Abeken then touched on the incidents which had taken place at Ems shortly before the outbreak of the war, and told us how the king had exclaimed, after a certain despatch had been drafted, "Well, now, he [Bismarck] too will be satisfied with us." "And I believe," added Abeken, "that you were satisfied." "Well," answered the chancellor, laughing, "then you must have deceived yourselves. I mean yes, I was quite satisfied with you. But with our Most Gracious I was not quite satisfied, or, rather, I was not satisfied at all. He ought to have behaved with more dignity [*vornehmer*] in the matter and more firmness. I remember, too," he went on, "how I got the news at Varzin. I had already gone out and when I came back I found the first telegram. Then, as I was going away, I passed our parson in Wussow. He was standing just in front of his door and saluted me. I said nothing to him and only did so [making a cross cut]. 'Charge!' He understood me, and I went on." He told us then about the vicissitudes of the business, until things took a certain turn on which had followed the declaration of war. "I hoped to find another telegram in Berlin in answer to mine, but it was not there. In the meantime I invited Moltke and Roon to dinner in the evening, to talk over the state of things which was steadily causing me more and more anxiety. Then the long, new telegram was delivered. As I read it out—there were a good two hundred words—they were both regularly startled, and Moltke's appearance suddenly changed—he looked quite old and weary and infirm. It seemed as if our Most Gracious was going to flinch after all. I asked him if everything was in such a state that we might hope for victory. When he answered yes, I said, 'Wait a bit,' put a little table before me, and pulled the message together. I cut down the two hundred words to about twenty, but without making any other change or any addition. It was Abeken's telegram, and yet how much shorter, more definite and precise! I handed it over to them and asked 'How will that work now?' 'Yes, it will work all right,' they said, and Moltke all at once

was as young and fresh again as ever. Now he had his war, his trade. And, in fact, it did work. The French took the abbreviated telegram as it appeared in the papers awfully badly, and after a couple of days they declared war against us.

#### THE AUSTRO-GERMAN ALLIANCE. 7

In regard to many other successes of Bismarck's the stars at first by no means fought in his favor. His energy and his perseverance alone ultimately enabled his genius to overcome the difficulties which stood in his path. I need not dwell upon how long, both before 1866 and down to the month of June of that decisive year, King William adhered to his scruples against an armed encounter with Austria, and on the other hand how hard it was in 1879 to obtain his assent to the necessity of a defensive alliance with that same Austria, so strong was his affection for his nephew and friend upon the Russian throne. In a private letter, hitherto unpublished (the original of which was shown to me in 1888), Bismarck wrote, amongst other things, from Gastein to Andrássy in relation to the alliance he had proposed:—

I am glad to see from your letter that your master [the Emperor Francis Joseph is referred to] has one foot in the stirrup, and I do not despair that our common efforts will succeed in putting him well into the saddle. Unfortunately, it is in the nature of things that my part of the business cannot be done so quickly as yours. Verbal explanations not only have the advantage of rapidity, but also that of confining the discussion to the answering of questions actually raised by the sovereign. In my written statement, on the other hand, I have to discuss by anticipation every misunderstanding of which I can foresee the possibility. I am in such a state that I must dictate to my son (who by your kind leave is writing this) exactly sixty pages, and supplement the contents in greater detail by telegraphic answers to further inquiries. Nevertheless, I have not been fortunate enough, despite all my care, completely to prevent a misunderstanding, as if some afterthought of aggression must lie hid-

den in our peaceable plan. This idea is uncongenial to a prince over eighty-two years of age, but I may venture to hope that I shall be able to dispel it, though it will cost me a tolerably comprehensive postscript to those sixty pages. The disinclination of my master to enter promptly on new situations, a disinclination which is inherent in his temperament, hampers my activity. All important in his eyes is the latest action of the Emperor Alexander [he had written a letter to his uncle in which one passage looked like a threat]; the first flash-like revelation of a position which I had often been compelled to confront during the last ten years. It is extraordinarily hard for his Majesty to have to choose between the two neighboring empires, and therefore he will, as long as possible, close his eyes to the conviction that the moment has come to do so. Habit has great force with our royal house; the disposition to persist grows with age, and refuses to acknowledge the undeniable changes of the outer world.

The passage quoted is enough for my purpose and for those who have learnt to read diplomatically between the lines. As to the further progress of this incident I shall give the barest outline. The correspondence between the Emperor William and the chancellor continued for some time. Scruples which had been overcome presented themselves afresh, and needed fresh refutation. Others arose and had likewise to be dispelled. The meeting between the czar and his uncle, which took place at Alexandrovno, calmed and appeased the latter, although, in truth, it did not essentially alter the state of things. The emperor returned from it less than ever inclined to Bismarck's plan. Honor and conscience now seemed to him to speak against the alliance. Now he had this objection, now the other, to the wording of the draft treaty; now he proposed this alteration and now the other, until at last, reluctantly and with a heavy heart, he gave his assent and signature.

#### THE OLD EMPEROR'S GRATITUDE.

Thus Bismarck remains the "soul-doctor" of the Emperor William; the

man who completed him, encouraged him and supported him on all occasions where a great decision had to be taken, a weighty choice made or a bold stroke ventured. It was one of the noblest and most amiable traits of the dead emperor that he recognized this relationship without envy, and more than once acknowledged it clearly and unreservedly in written statements to his chancellor. In the letter in which he congratulated him on his silver wedding on July 26, 1872, he wrote that he returned thanks to Heaven for having placed Bismarck at his side in the decisive hour, and thus given to his reign "a fulness which exceeded all thought and comprehension." The porcelain vase which accompanied the letter as a present was, indeed, "of fragile material, but every fragment of it should one day tell what Prussia owed to him [Bismarck] for raising her to the exalted position she now occupies." When the Emperor William was going to start to unveil the monument in the Niederwald, he summoned Bismarck by letter to attend the ceremony, since he felt that the monument to be raised was not so much to himself as to the chancellor. The original of this imperial autograph was amongst the prince's papers for many years, but some time ago it disappeared. A series of letters before me in reply to such letters from his imperial master show how Bismarck reciprocated these proofs of admiration and gratitude, and how he constantly regarded his own position in relation to the sovereign. A particularly characteristic specimen of them may fittingly close this article. It runs as follows:—

Friedrichsruh, 25 December, 1883.

I respectfully thank your Majesty from my heart for your gracious Christmas present, and especially for the kindly words which accompanied it. They afforded me that complete satisfaction which I should have felt on the Niederwald had I been able to attend the festival. I prize your Majesty's contentment above the favor of *all* other men. I thank God that He has so attuned my heart that I have been able to content

your Majesty, while I have seldom and but for a brief space enjoyed the favor of others. But I thank your Majesty too for the constancy with which you have always maintained your trust in me and have remained a gracious master to me for a period of more than twenty years through times of stress and of peace, without being misled by the attacks of my opponents or by my own well-known failings. Except peace with my own conscience in the sight of God, I need nothing more in this world. The blessing of God has rested on your Majesty's rule, and has given your Majesty this pre-eminence over other monarchs who have achieved great things—that your servants look back upon their service with thankfulness towards your Majesty. The steadfastness of the ruler begets and preserves the loyal fidelity of his servants.

The Emperor William died. Had his successor enjoyed a longer life than was decreed to him, it is probable that, despite the differences of opinion which separated him for some time as crown prince from the chancellor, he would have followed the advice of his grand ducal friend from Karlsruhe, who shortly before his accession expressed the conviction, "You can't govern without Bismarck." It was otherwise under the *régime* which had for its motto *Voluntas*.

DR. MORITZ BUSCH.

Translated from the German.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

AMERICAN "YELLOW JOURNALISM."

This is not a paper on American journalism in general, but on the "yellow journalism" of America. I make this distinction in the beginning, because on this side of the water the terms "yellow" and "American," when applied to journalism, seem to have come to be synonymous in the minds of the majority of people. All American journalism is not "yellow," though all strictly "up-to-date" yellow journalism is American! In thus locating "yellow" journalism, I use the qualification "up-to-date" advisedly, for there are

would-be "yellow" journals in England. For some reason—possibly for lack of funds—they have not succeeded in dyeing themselves a very deep tint! They have no appreciable influence upon the minds of even the lower classes of the British people. When one speaks in a general way of English journalism, one does not take them into account. But in the United States it is not so! There's the rub! The yellow journalism has money and it has brains. It has brains because it has the money with which to buy them, and hence it is that some of the best brains in America are engaged in producing the yellow journalism. A very nice problem may here present itself, which is—Given almost unlimited funds, would the now only light tinted yellow journals of England succeed in developing into a deep orange, and buying up a good percentage of British journalistic brains, and creating a "corner" in them?

The question is one that I will not attempt to answer. It is very much easier to go back to the original proposition: in America we have the real, genuine "yellow journalism," and in England you have not got it, and blessed are you!

The application of the term "yellow" to a certain style of American journalism originated with Mr. Charles A. Dana, the late proprietor and editor of the *New York Sun*. A few years ago the *New York World* conceived the idea of having every Sunday in its pages an account of the imaginary doings of an imaginary personage to which it gave the name of "The Yellow Kid." Portraits of the "personage" always accompanied the account of its doings. Those who have never seen these portraits are fortunate. They showed a horrible, grinning, toothless, long-eared infant robed in an orange-colored frock and a tilted high hat. For some unaccountable reason the weekly "doings of the yellow kid" became immensely popular with the readers of the *New York World*. Throughout the week these highly colored prints of the infant monster were distributed broadcast all over the city of New York and the country.

Bushel baskets of them were daily carried to the towering dome of the *World* building, and from there thrown out to the four winds of heaven, which carried them away into distant regions, and the circulation of the *World* increased enormously. Then happened an event in the history of sensational journalism. The "event" was the arrival in New York of young William R. Hearst, the son of a United States senator and a "silver king" of California. He bought the *New York Journal*, a paper which, up to that time, had passed through various hands and never succeeded in making itself particularly prominent in the world of journalism. He declared his intention of revolutionizing the paper and making it a rival of the *New York World*, which boasted of having the largest circulation of any paper on the globe, and had up to that time never experienced the necessity of attempting to compete with a rival in its own particular line. The first move of Mr. Hearst, with his millions in his hands, was to send over to the office of the *World*, and by offering many of its most valued editors, artists and reporters twice, three times, and in some instances, four or five times the amount of salary they were then receiving for their services, inducing them to leave the *World* and go to the *Journal*. Among other people he secured for his paper the artist who had fathered the "Yellow Kid," whose portraits and "doings" thereafter appeared in the *Journal* instead of the *World*, which was left lamenting. And then, Charles A. Dana, a journalist of the old school, who hated sensational journalism, wrote an editorial in the *Sun*, in which he noted the transfer of the "Yellow Kid" to its new quarters, referring to the two papers as "yellow journals," and their style of journalism as the "yellow journalism." Thereafter the *World* and the *Journal* and all other sensational newspapers in the United States became known as "yellow journals."

There are, perhaps, at the present time, throughout all the United States, about fifteen or twenty newspapers



which may be said to belong to the school of "yellow journalism." They are all plentifully supplied with money, and this money their proprietors are willing to spend in every possible way that seems likely to advertise them and increase their circulation. There is no disputing the large circulation they have attained, and it is because of this immense circulation, and the original methods they use to advertise themselves, that they have become so widely known and quoted on this side of the Atlantic. Go to the London news-stands where American newspapers are sold, and on asking what American papers they have on hand you will, in nine cases out of ten, have named over to you only a number of "yellow journals." Go into the majority of London newspaper offices and note what American papers the "Exchange Editor" is busily conning, and clipping and quoting. They are the yellow journals! During the present crisis, when the United States is at war with a Foreign Power—a war which many wise-headed people believe was mainly brought on by yellow journalism—what news and what opinions are being chiefly sent over to Europe by European correspondents in New York and Washington? The news and the opinions given out by the yellow journals! And so it has come to pass that the majority of English people and Europeans in general have imbibed the idea that all American journalism is yellow journalism.

There can be no denying the fact that yellow journalism has become a power in the United States—a power for evil in the main. Any institution having at its command almost untold millions of money must, of necessity, become a power—whether for evil or for good rests with those who have it in charge. Now those in charge of the yellow journalism of America indignantly deny the charge that they are powers for evil. They assert that the papers they produce are the "people's papers." They "expose" the wickedness, and the selfishness and monopolies of the rich, and they uphold the rights of the poor

and the down-trodden, expose their wrongs, and bring about reforms to benefit the masses! This is what the proprietor of a yellow journal will tell you is his mission—to bring down the unworthy high and mighty from their places, and exalt the worthy poor and lowly. At least, this was the self-declared mission of the yellow journals up to a few months ago, when the blowing-up of the "Maine" sent a thrill of horror through the country. Then the rights and the wrongs of the poor and the lowly became unpopular with the yellow journals. There was no space for the airing of the troubles of the thousands of cotton-mill strikers in New England. There was no space for the descriptions of how the brilliant reporters of the *Bustler* or the wonderful staff of the *Hustler* "elucidated a great murder mystery," or brought about a reform in the United States Senate or the State House of Representatives, exposed "boodles of aldermen," and prevented a great wrong to the toilers in factories and workshops. When the "Maine" disaster came upon us, the mission of all the yellow journals seemed to become the creation of war. They played with the war idea as a child would play with a new and interesting toy, for not since the birth of yellow journalism had there been a war in the United States! While wise men and patriots watched and waited for the issue, the yellow journals put in a stock of extra paper and enlarged their printing presses. At the type-foundries orders were given for letters of such length and width as no newspaper had ever before used; and when the type was delivered at the offices some of the cleverest and highest-priced men on the papers were set to work writing "emergency" headlines and scare-heads: "HAVANA SHELLED!" "HAVANA BOMBARDED!" "GREAT SEA-FIGHT!" Such were the scare-heads that the smart young men were put to work upon. The getting ready of these was in itself a commendable enterprise had the yellow journals waited till occasion really called for their use, but



long before war was declared they were used as half-page scare-heads. "Havana Shelled!" yelled the newsboys. "Havana Shelled!" announced the headlines of letters fifteen inches long. Thousands of people rushed hither and thither to buy them; timid women gasped and almost fainted at the sight of the scare-head! When the newspaper was bought, the two words, printed in the smallest possible type, "to be," were, on close examination, found inserted between the two principal words, but only through its spectacles could the crowd discover this!

The bringing out of the "war extras" up to the number of thirty or fifty a day is not nearly so wonderful an undertaking as might appear to those who are not initiated into the secrets of the yellow journal offices. A certain number of the evening staff are kept in the editorial office, say, till midnight, with orders to bring out extras at certain intervals of time, news or no news. If news comes, well and good; if no news, well and good also.

"Time for the next extra! Any news?" shouts the man in charge.

"No news!" returns the man at the telegraph instrument.

Up goes the order to the composing-room, "Use large half-page headline of 'Havana Bombarded' or 'Great Sea-fight!'"

A minute later newsboys are on the street waking honest people from their midnight sleep with the cry "Yere's yer extra! Great sea-fight! Great sea-fight!" The inhabitants of the city rise from their beds and rush to the doors in their night-clothes to buy an extra and learn about the "great sea-fight." Up in the top corner in almost invisible type are the words, "We may soon expect a" (then comes the scare-head) "GREAT SEA-FIGHT!"

An investigation concerning the number of people who have been driven insane during the past five months by the yellow journalism of America would probably reveal a startling state of affairs.

At the beginning of the war scare, the yellow journalism showed its hand

really too soon for its own advantage. The premature use of such headlines as I have mentioned have had the effect of the old cry of "Wolf, wolf!" upon the people. Great were the straits to which the yellow journals were put in the matter of scare-heads after the destruction of the Spanish fleets at Manila and Santiago. "Great Sea-fight" had already been used! One paper, in order to make a point of the battle of Manila, had a new set of large type manufactured—"star-spangled banner type" it was called, all the letters being formed out of stars and stripes. Just what will be done in the event of a genuine bombardment of Havana, the "Bombardment" headline having already been used, it is difficult to conjecture.

Up to the time of the Spanish-American difficulty, the intelligent, clear-headed Americans who read other than the yellow journals, and only had their attention called to the existence of yellow journalism by some passing reference to a new absurdity originated by them, were apt to view the fact of their immense circulation among the masses as of really no consequence. They looked upon yellow journalism as a vulgar fad among vulgar people, and were highly amused at the thought that over in England these journals were quoted to the almost total exclusion of other American newspapers. Now these same clear-headed Americans are viewing the state of affairs with alarm rather than with the amusement they have heretofore felt. Many there are who, with all due respect to President McKinley, believe that yellow journalism forced him into a declaration of war, and that now that the war is on, it will force him from negotiations for peace; and they are agitated over the problem of what shall be done about the yellow journalism and the influence it exerts over the minds of the lower classes of people in the United States. For it has an influence, a marvellous influence! If for no other reason the price of a yellow journal—one cent (the English half-penny)—makes it the poor man's paper. Then it is got up in such a way as to attract him and his chil-

dren. It is so easy for even the children to understand it—what with not only its large headlines, but its wonderfully colored pictures illustrating all the most revolting details of its most revolting story! Its Sunday editions, with its "yellow kids" and "blackberry blossoms" and various other "special features," are got up in all the colors of the rainbow, so that even the baby cries for the "pretty picture paper."

There are, I understand, some good American philanthropists who are greatly agitated over the problem of how to "wipe out the scourge of yellow journalism." I would like to tell them that I, one of the hundreds of American women who have worked on yellow journals, can tell them how to solve the problem. Oppose it with money! The yellow journals have come to the front because their proprietors spend large sums of money on them. To get the news or to manufacture it, as the case may be, the proprietors of the yellow journals are generous to a fault with money. To the thousands of men and women employed on their staffs they pay salaries and space rates liberal enough to recompense them for their arduous labors, and then they bring out a paper at one cent, the price a poor man can afford to pay! Now if some millionaires who do not approve of the yellow journalism will do the same thing for what may be termed the legitimate style of journalism, it will be a case of "Greek meeting Greek," perhaps, but there is no doubt that the decent would prevail over the indecent, and the "scourge" would be wiped out.

At the present time a large amount of the newest, freshest and most brilliant literary material, in the shape of thousands of the cleverest young men and women in the United States, is at the disposal of the yellow journalism at so much per column. But not only have the newest and the freshest and the youngest been absorbed into the yellow journalism—strange as it may seem, hundreds of former men and women workers on the more dignified American journals have given up their scruples and have taken positions on the

yellow journals. Among them are some of the former editors-in-chief of a number of what are universally acknowledged to be the very best newspapers in the United States—papers, I may explain, that in my country would take the same rank as does the *Times* in London! It would be funny if it were not so pathetic—the sight of a man well advanced in years, who for the better part of his life has presided over the destinies of a dignified Republican newspaper of the old school, sitting at a yellow journalistic desk and turning off "jingo" editorials, denouncing the Republican President for whom he voted, and passing his opinion upon the issue of "scare-heads" for the next day!

Right here, I may say that in the United States a man's personal politics have nothing to do with the politics of the paper which he edits. The editor of the leading Republican paper in the country is quite likely to be a Democrat, and *vice versa*.

The part which women play in the yellow journalism of America is a very important one. There are almost as many women as men employed on the various staffs, and those who work on the space system earn sometimes even more money than do the men—indeed, one of the good points of the yellow journalism is its tendency to recognize the equality of the sexes so far as the matter of pay is concerned. For the "exposures," which are constantly being undertaken by these journals, women, because of their acknowledged tactfulness, are more often employed than the men.

"Put a good woman on this!" shouts out the head editor to his assistant dozens of times a day. The women who can only do society and fashion work have little place on the yellow journal. On the daily and Sunday editions they seem to be kept almost exclusively for the purpose of doing "working-girl stories" and making "moral exposures." When, on my return to America, I first took a position on a yellow journal, something over a year ago, I knew little or nothing of the

sort of work that would be required of me as a "yellow woman journalist." I knew only that I needed money, and that I was offered by a yellow journal a good salary. My first inkling of what was expected of me came when I got my first assignment. I was asked to walk the streets of New York in the most dangerous part of the city, "allow" myself to become arrested as a disreputable woman, spend a part of the night in jail with women of the street, and write up a brilliant account of the affair for the next morning's paper! It is probably unnecessary for me to say that I declined my first assignment!

This is an example of what is known in yellow journalism as a "moral exposure." Now, for giving a young woman such an assignment and publishing her account of it, if she is willing to take it, as she usually *must* be under ordinary circumstances, the editor of a yellow journal will give the public a very plausible excuse. Indeed, he does not call his explanation an "excuse." He has, so he says, "moral reasons" for sending out a young woman on a mission of that sort. He wants to reform New York! At the time I was given this assignment a law had been passed that disreputable characters, known to be such, were to be arrested if found walking in the Tenderloin District of New York after midnight. There was danger that respectable women, alone and detained out on legitimate business, might also be subjected to the insult of an arrest. In order to discover if this were so, a young woman journalist was to go out and see if she were arrested when quietly walking along. If she were, that then would prove the injustice and indiscriminate with which the law was put into force. If she were not arrested—well, in the eyes of the editor who had given her the assignment, she was a girl lacking in originality and "journalistic enterprise," and it was possible she might get discharged for "incompetency" the next morning.

Putting aside the kind of judgment one must necessarily form of the character of an editor who could bring him-

self to ask a young woman to take such an assignment, one of the strange features of these "moral exposure" assignments is that if the reporter sent out to "investigate" had not been molested, nor arrested, nor sent to jail, nothing whatever would have been printed about it in the next morning's paper. No startling headline would announce to the public that "our young lady reporter has proved that it is quite safe for a respectable woman to walk through the Tenderloin at midnight unescorted!" Oh, no! But let the girl manage to get arrested (I may say she is expected to "manage" it!), and then the next day the yellow journal surrounds itself with a halo, as the "champion of women" and the "defender of the weak against the strong!"

Recently, just before leaving America, a girl reporter told me a story of one of the "moral exposures" she had been assigned to do and the consequence of her failure. A couple of years ago, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and in the early twenties, she left her farm-home to go to New York to write for the newspapers and earn enough money to pay off a mortgage on the farm. After passing through various stages of journalistic adversity, she obtained a position on a yellow journal, which just at that time was bent upon making a great "moral exposure" in order to increase its circulation. For this exposure a girl, young and pretty, and with an air of country freshness about her, was required, and the little girl who wanted to pay the mortgage on the farm was sent for by the head editor.

"There is," he said to her, "every reason to believe that young emigrant girls, arriving in New York, are subjected to great moral dangers. We think there is in New York City a gang of disreputable men and women who go to meet the ships in which the emigrant girls arrive, and who, by pretending to take an interest in them and their lonely condition, and offering to lend them money, entrap them, and induce them to go into what are called emigrants' boarding houses, but are

really dens of iniquity. We want to be the champions of the emigrant girls. We want you to go to England, first class, of course, provided with all the money you need, and after a stay of two weeks come back to New York as a young English emigrant girl in the steerage. On arriving here, you are to pretend that your friends, whom you had expected to meet you, have failed to appear, and that you have only a few pennies in your pocket. You will be required by the law to have a certain number of dollars before you can land. You will burst into tears and say you haven't got it. Then a member of the gang I have been speaking of will probably come up to you and offer to befriend you and lend you the money necessary for landing, and you must take advantage of the offer and go wherever he or she shall take you! It will be a great story! We will pay you a thousand dollars for it!"

A thousand dollars would pay off the mortgage on the farm!

"I will do it," replied the girl. "But one thing troubles me. Won't there be real danger in it? Something terrible might happen to me!"

"Oh," replied the chief, "you will be protected, personally, of course! We always look after our women reporters when they go out on such assignments. When you arrive here in New York one of our men reporters will be there also. He will know you and you will know him, but, of course, you will not appear to recognize each other. He will keep an eye on you! He will follow you every step you take. There is absolutely no danger."

Thus assured, the little girl reporter came to London. In the matter of money for expenses and making a comfortable, even luxurious trip across to this side, the paper treated her most liberally. "Is that enough?" asked the editor when she had told him the amount of money she would require for getting ready to come. "Better take a couple of hundred dollars more!"

So she came to London in one of the finest cabins on one of the finest ships, and two weeks later, dressed like an

emigrant girl leaving England, carrying her bed and blanket, she crossed back as a steerage passenger. She arrived in New York a physical and almost a mental wreck after a terrible experience. She was almost starved and half famished, for she could not eat the food or drink the water that was provided for her steerage companions. When she landed she looked about for the reporter who was to have been always at her side, but she did not find him! The paper which she served was engrossed in another and more important scheme, and had forgotten all about her, despite her cablegram! She pretended not to have enough money to land, but in spite of the law she was allowed to land just the same. No one spoke to her, no one molested her. No one attempted to entrap her; and the poor girl was thankful for the kind fate which had so ordered it, for the reporter who was to have been her protector was not there!

However, she wrote her story of her steerage experiences, a story that would surely have interested the public. She told how she, a supposed English emigrant girl, had landed at Castle Garden, without having enough money to land, and was not molested, thus proving that the "gang" which met emigrant girls at the dock was a "fake." She handed in her story and was discharged with a certain sum of money for the "trouble she had taken!" The story was never published. She had not "managed" to get molested, and it was not the business of the yellow journal to announce to the public that emigrant girls could land at Castle Garden in perfect safety! The mortgage on the farm did not get paid, the girl became ill with nervous prostration, brought on by the horrible experience through which she had passed as a steerage passenger, and the fright she had received on finding no reporter to meet her at the dock to protect her, and that is all! It is only one of the little tragedies connected with yellow journalism.

To return to my own experience. Shortly after I had declined my first

assignment, I was sent for by another editor, who, declaring that he had a brilliant idea to unfold to me, gave me instructions concerning an assignment as follows:—

It seemed that in the wilds of Virginia, a number of miles from the habitations of human kind, there was, carrying on operations, a gang of "moonshiners" or illicit whisky distillers, who for years had defied the authority of the United States government and laughed Uncle Sam to scorn. Some government officers, in trying to make their arrest, had been shot by them, and a few daring newspaper reporters of the male sex had come to grief in trying to get material from them for a spirited "write-up." No woman had ever ventured within many miles of the desperadoes.

"My plan," said my editor, "is that you shall go to Virginia and have a good talk with the leader of the gang. You will go as far as possible by railroad, then go cross-country by mule-back or any way you can, provided with a map I will give you showing the location of the moonshiners' headquarters. You will pretend you are lost, and ask your way of them. I've picked you out for it because you have just the appearance demanded for this sort of assignment, small and slight and inoffensive, and all that sort of thing, you know! Now, when will you be ready to start? There's a train for Richmond, Virginia, in half an hour's time! If you could make that we could have the story for next Sunday's paper!"

To say that I was taken aback by my second "yellow journal" assignment but mildly expresses my feelings. I knew from the beginning of the conversation that it was something for me to decline with thanks, but to gratify the curiosity I felt in regard to just what dangers I was expected to encounter in my career as a yellow journalist, I answered quite naturally:—

"Which one of the men on the paper have you assigned to go along and look after me in this undertaking?"

"Men!" he exclaimed. "why, if I sent

a man along with you, both he and you would be shot! Your only safety lies in your going by yourself. As I said before, I selected you especially for this job, because you seemed in every way suited for it. You will appeal to the chivalry of these desperadoes, who are American men, and you know as well as I do that the innate chivalry of American men is something that never fails!"

This, my second yellow assignment, came to naught, and after that I was required only to devote my attention to doing "working-girl exposures." Even that sort of yellow journalism has its drawbacks.

Said my editor one day: "There's a strike among the girls working in the ——— factory. Go out and get work in the factory as an apprentice, stay a day, and then come back to the office and write a story about it, saying they ought to strike!"

"But," I ventured, "perhaps they ought not to strike. Of course, if I find they are in the wrong and their employers are in the right, I will say so, giving a truthful account of how the matter stands."

"Well, no, hardly! Our paper can't go against the working people!" was the reply.

Some time later I was making an investigation which concerned the welfare of the working girls. I did not undertake to write fiction—only to write truthfully of my experiences as they came to me in a certain mode of living. As the experiences came to me I wrote them and they were published. In the midst of the series hundreds of anonymous letters began to pour into the office, declaring that "if your reporter proves thus and so, it will injure the cause of the working people, and we always thought your paper was the friend of the poor workers!"

Straightway the mandate went forth that I was to so "manage" my experiences as to make them prove such and such a thing, whether they really proved the other thing or not! It was discouraging, but a few days after, thinking to really and honestly expose



some of the "wrongs" to which I had heard the working girls were subjected, I busied myself in hunting up a genuine "wrong." I took a subject upon which I felt keenly, the wrongs inflicted by the employers of hundreds of girls upon their employees; and when in my innocent enthusiasm I suggested it to my editor, I was informed that it would not do, as "those employers advertise very largely with us."

However, I do not cite this last experience as peculiar only to "yellow journalism." I am not sure that I would not have had the same answer from a man who published a paper for the classes instead of for the "masses," but certainly it shows that even a working people's paper will not allow its editorial department to clash with the interests of the business office. That a newspaper is a commercial enterprise which must either be made to "pay" or be suspended is a fact well appreciated by every one; and this fact shows how very difficult, if not impossible, it is for a journal to be a really consistent "champion" of any particular class of people, be it the lower, the middle or the upper class.

It would be almost impossible for me to enumerate even a small fractional part of the number of wonderful feats the "yellow journalism" of America requires its female followers to perform. Some are so absolutely absurd as to be laughable, others are so hideous and disgusting as to make one wonder how in the land of America, where the chivalry of man towards woman is supposed to have reached its highest point, men can be found willing to take editorial positions which necessitate their assigning a woman to go out and degrade herself for the sake of making "space." The Chicago editor who, wishing to "expose" the large number of physicians in the city who could be hired to commit an illegal operation, assigned a young woman on his staff to go out and investigate the matter by representing herself as an intending patient, is really only an ordinary specimen of the "yellow journal" editor. That the young woman filled her as-

signment, wrote her *exposé*, was the means of having sent to prison several of Chicago's leading physicians, and had her salary doubled the following week, is now a matter of yellow journalistic history. That women, *respectable* in the ordinary acceptance of the term, can be found in the United States who, for a goodly sum of money, will accept such assignments is not perhaps so much to be wondered at when one understands the always pressing circumstances that drive women into sensational journalism. I have yet to meet the woman engaged even in the mildest sort of sensational journalism who loved—indeed, who did not hate—her work! In the history of female "yellow journalism" there are many tales of mortgages on the farm, aged and dependent parents, little sisters to support and educate, invalid or drunken husbands, babies crying for milk and suffering from hunger and cold.

There are various types of yellow editors in America. There is, for example, the "radical" type and the "conservative" type. I have referred to the sort of assignments that are given out by the "radical" editor. Now, the "conservative" yellow editor declares that he never asks a woman reported to do anything indecent or even "unwomanly" for the sake of "copy." He will instruct her to go out in a public square and climb a greased pole, turn a somersault in the city park, jump from the top of a high dome, or take a long journey astride a railway engine, but beyond "mild" enterprises of this sort, he absolutely refuses to go!

A few months ago one of the New York yellow journals sent a woman reporter to write up the strike in the cotton mills, and one day telegraphed her to interview the mayor of the city on the subject. The young woman replied that she couldn't find the mayor—he had gone out of town for the day. Back came the answer, "Interview him whether you can find him or not, and send copy within two hours." And the following morning the "in-



interview" with the mayor, or rather, what was more valuable still, a signed statement by the mayor, giving his views of the situation, appeared in the paper, which, it is hardly necessary to say, somewhat surprised that honorable gentleman when he read it! The woman reporter who sent the "signed statement by the mayor" was afraid she would be dismissed from the paper if she did not fill her assignment.

In England there is a libel law of which the mayor could and doubtless would have taken advantage. Not so in the United States. So far as I have been able to discover, there is absolutely no redress for the unfortunate person whom for any reason of its own the American press wishes to "use" or calumniate.

During a great strike, a yellow journal gave one of its women reporters instructions to go to Washington and interview the President of the United States. Now the American President is not hedged about with many rules of etiquette, but at the same time, for a President to submit to be interviewed would create something of a scandal in the United States. But the young woman interviewed the President on the subject of the strike nevertheless! She represented herself as a Commissioner of Labor, wishing to put before the President the true state of things among the strikers.

Sent to her State or national capitol to interview a prominent senator, judge, or any high official, the "enterprising" woman reporter must be ready to take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself for interviewing. If the high official invites her to go out to dinner or to the theatre with him, she is expected to accept his invitation, notwithstanding the fact that he may be of such a character that for a woman to be seen with him in public is to commit social suicide. Or he may be the common type of politician, a vulgar, ignorant, low-bred man, with whom no woman of refinement would care to associate. But the young woman has been ordered to interview him, and it is for her to find the means

to that end. One of the first lessons that the woman who aspires to "success" in "yellow journalism" is called upon to learn is to forget her sex and become a machine. In one way her sex is valuable, inasmuch as because of it she is able to work up certain stories that a man reporter could not undertake. But from every point of view she must, at least while engaged in the task of earning her fifty or hundred dollars a week, lay aside her feminine squeamishness and scruples.

I have referred particularly to the work that is done by women in "yellow journalism," because the most difficult, the most enterprising, the most sensational and the most original work on this class of papers is done by women. Nearly all of the women employed on a yellow journal are known as "special writers." To be sure, work of a difficult and dangerous order is required of the men on the staff, work in which the risking of life and limb is not taken into account. They are required to break into jails and liberate prisoners, to take a gun and go to the front as private soldiers, to solve murder mysteries, so their papers can be the means of bringing criminals to justice. But when all is said and done, they are never asked to risk more than their lives in the getting or the manufacture of news, while the woman reporter frequently takes her life in one hand and her honor in the other when she goes forth in the pursuit of "copy."

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

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#### JOHN SPLENDID.<sup>1</sup>

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE  
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### THE ANGRY EAVESDROPPER.

It may seem, in my recounting of these cold wanderings, of days and nights with nothing but snow and rain, and always the hounds of fear on every

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1897-1898, by Neil Munro.

hand, that I had forgotten to exercise my mind upon the blunder and the shame of Argile's defeat at Inverlochy. So far is this from the fact that M'Iver and I on many available occasions disputed—as old men at the trade of arms will do—the reasons of a reverse so much unexpected, so little to be condoned, considering the advantage we had in numbers compared with the fragments of clans Alasdair MacDonald brought down from the gorges of Lochaber to the waters of Loch Lhinn and Lochiel. It was useless to bring either the baron-bailie or Sonachan into our deliberations; neither of them had any idea of how the thing had happened, though they were very well informed indeed about certain trivial departures from strict forms of Highland procedure in the hurried marshalling of the troops.

"Cheap trash of pennyland men from Lochow-side were put on the right of gentlemen cadets of the castle and Loch Fhinn-side lairds," was the baron-bailie's bitter protestation.

Sonachan, who was naturally possessed of a warm side to the people, even common quality, of his own part of the country, would sniff at this with some scorn.

"Pennyland here, pennyland there, they were closer in blood on Black Duncan than any of your shore-side partans, who may be gentrified by sheep-skin right but never by the glaive."

So the two would be off again into the tanglements of Highland pedigree.

The mind of the man with the want was, of course, a vacant tablet, washed clean of every recollection by the copious tears he had wept in his silliness since ever the shock of the battle came on him; Stewart was so much of an unscrupulous liar that no word of his could be trusted; and the minister alone could give us any idea of what had been the sentiment in the army when the men of Montrose (who were really the men of Sir Alasdair, his major-general) came on them. But, for reasons every true Gael need not even have a hint of, we were averse from querying this dour, sour Lowland

cleric on points affecting a Highland retreat.

So it was, I say, that the deliberations of M'Iver and myself were without light in somewhat dark quarters: we had to guide us only yon momentary glimpse of the stricken field with its flying men, seen in a stupid blur of the senses—as one lying by a dark hill tarn at night, waiting for mallard or teal, sees the birds wheeling above the water ere he has appreciated the whirr of their presence, lets bang his piece at the midst of them, and is in a dense stiffness again before he comprehends that what he has waited for in the cold night has happened.

"The plan of old Gustavus did it, I'll wager my share of the silver-mine," would John insist: "and who in heaven's name would think Alasdair *mosach* knew the trick of it? I saw his horsemen fire one pistol-shot and fall on at full speed. That's old Gustavus for you, isn't it? And yet," he would continue, reflecting, "Auchinbreac knew the Swedish tactics too. He had his musketeers and pikemen separate, as the later laws demand; he had even a hint from myself of the due proportion of two pikes to three muskets."

"But never a platoon fired a volley," I recalled. "It was to the steel and targe from the onset." And then I would add, "What's to be said for Mac-Callein?"

On this John Splendid would ruffle up wrothly with blame for my harping on that incident, as if it were a crime to hint at any weakness in his chief.

"You are very much afraid of a waft of wind blowing on your cousin's name," I would cry.

"My chief, Elrignmore, my chief. I make no claim to consideration for a cousin, but I'll stand up for Argile's name so long as the gyrony of eight and the galley for Lorn are in his coat of arms."

Inverlochy, Inverlochy, Inverlochy—the black name of it rang in my head like a tolling bell as I sought to doze for a little in Dalness house. The whole events of the scandalous week piled up on me: I no sooner wandered

one thought away in the mists of the nether mind than a new one, definite and harassing, grew in its place, so that I was turning from side to side in a torture-rack of reflection when I should be lost in the slumber my travel and weariness so well had earned for me. Something of an eeriness at our position in that genteel but lonely house lay heavy on me, too: it had no memories of friendship in any room for me; it was haunted, if haunted at all, with the ghosts of people whose names we only breathed with bitterness in the shire of Argile. And constantly the wind would be howling in it, piping dismally in the vent of the room the minister and I were in together; constant the rain would be hissing on the embers of the fire; at a long distance off a waterfall, in veering gusts of greater vehemence, crashed among its rocks and thundered in its linn.

M'Iver, who was the first to take watch for the night, paced back and forth along the lobbies or stood to warm himself at the fire he fed at intervals with peat or pine-root. Though he had a soldier's reverence for the slumbers of his comrades, and made the least of noise as he moved around in his deer-skins, the slightest movement so advertised his zeal, and so clearly recalled the precariousness of our position, that I could not sleep. In an hour or more after I lay down—with my clothing still on, I need hardly say—M'Iver alarmed the advance-guard of my coming sleep by his unconscious whistle of a pibroch, and I sat up to find that the cleric was sharing my waukrife rest. He had cast his peruke. In the light of a cruise that hung at the mantel-breast he was a comical-looking fellow with a high, bald head, and his eyes, that were very dark and profound, surrounded by the red wings of weariness, all the redder for the pallor of his face. He stretched his legs and rubbed his knees slowly, and smiled on me a little mournfully.

"I'm a poor campaigner," said he; "I ought to be making the best of the chance we have; but instead I must be

thinking of my master and patron, and about my flock in Inneraora town."

I seized the opportunity as a gied would jump at a dove.

"You're no worse than myself," I said, rising to poke up the fire; "I'm thinking of Argile too, and I wish I could get his defalcation—if that it may be called—out of my mind. Was it a—was it—what you might call a desertion without dignity, or a step with half an excuse in policy? I know MacCallein had an injured arm."

Gordon rose and joined me at the fireside. He seemed in a swither as to whether I was a fit confidant or not in such a matter, but at last would appear to decide in my favor.

"You have heard me speak well of Argile," he said, quietly. "I never said a word in his praise that was not deserved; indeed I have been limited in my valuation of his virtues and ornaments, lest they should think it the paid chaplain who spoke and not the honest acquaintance. I know pious men, Highland and Lowland, but my lord of Argile has more than any of them the qualities of perfection. At home yonder, he rises every morning at five and is in private till eight. He prays in his household night and morning, and never went abroad, though but for one night, but he took his write-book, standish and English New Bible, and Newman's Concordance with him. Last summer, playing one day with the bullats with some gentlemen, one of them, when the marqu's stopped to lift his bullat, fell pale, and said to them about him, 'Bless me, it is that I see my lord with his head off and all his shoulder full of blood.' A wicked man would have counted that the most gloomy portent and a fit occasion for dread, for the person who spoke was the Laird of Drimminindorren's seventh son, with a reputation for the second sight. But Argile laughed at the thing, no way alarmed, and then with a grave demeanor he said, said he, 'The wine's in your head, sir; and even if it was an omen, what then? The axe in troublesome times is no disgrace, and a chief of Clan Diarmaid would be a poor chief

indeed if he failed to surrender his head with some show of dignity."

"But to leave his people twice in one war with no apparent valid excuse must look odd to his unfriends," I said, and I toasted my hose at the fire.

"I wish I could make up my mind whether an excuse is valid or not," said the cleric; "and I'm willing to find more excuses for MacCallein than I'll warrant he can find for himself this morning, wherever he may happen to be. It is the humor of God Almighty sometimes to put two men in the one skin. So far as I may humbly judge, Argile is the poor victim of such an economy. You have seen the sort of man I mean: to-day generous to his last plack, to-morrow the widow's oppressor; Sunday a soul humble at the throne of grace, and writhing with remorse for some child's sin, Monday riding vain-gloriously in the glaur on the road to hell, bragging of filthy amours, and inwardly gloating upon a crime anticipated. Oh, but were the human soul made on less devious plan, how my trade of Gospel messenger were easy! And valor, too—is it not in most men a fever of the moment; at another hour the call for courage might find them quailing and flying like the cony of the rocks."

"Then Argile, you think, was on those occasions the sport of his weaker self?" I pushed. I found so many obstacles in the way of satisfaction to my natural curiosity that I counted no persistence too rude now.

"He was the result of his history," said the minister, quickly, his face flushing with a sudden inspiration. "From the start of time those black moments for the first Marquis of Argile have been preparing. I can speak myself of his more recent environment. He has about him ever flatterers of the type of our friend the sentinel out there, well-meaning but a woeful influence, keeping from him every rumor that might vex his ear, coloring every event in such a manner as will please him. They kept the man so long in a delusion that fate itself was under his

heel, that when the stress of things came——"

"Not another word!" cried M'Iver from the doorway.

We turned round and found him standing there wrapped up in his plaid, his bonnet over a frowning brow, menace in his eye.

"Not another word, if it must be in that key. Has Archibald, Marquis of Argile and Lord of Lochow, no friends in this convocation? I would have thought his own paid curate and a neighbor so close at Elrigmaire would never waste the hours due to sleep upon treason to the man who deserved better of them."

"You should have eavesdropped earlier and you would have learned that there was no treason in the matter. I'm as leal friend to my lord of Argile as you or any of your clan. What do I care for your bubbly-jock Highland vanity?" said Gordon.

"We were saying nothing of MacCallein that we would not say to you," I explained to M'Iver, annoyed in some degree by his interference.

"Ay, ay," said he, with a pitying shrug of the shoulder, and throwing off his last objection to my curiosity; "you're on the old point again. Man, but you're ill to satisfy! And yet we must have the story sooner or later, I suppose. I would rather have it anywhere than in this waul and empty foreign domicile, that is a melancholy in itself enough for any man. But since the minister's in a key for history let him on."

"I'm in no key for history at all," said Master Gordon, very shortly. "If you would have the truth, I'm searching my wits for some accounting for the conduct of a nobleman I love more than a brother."

"And that's no great credit to you: have you ever known his equal?" cried M'Iver, always in the mood of bickering with this Lowland scholar—the only person, or almost the only person, I found him unwilling to pick and choose words for.

"You're speaking there as a kinsman and clansman," said Master Gordon;

"I'm speaking as man of man. I like this one for his struggle, sometimes successful, sometimes not all that way, to keep a manly and religious front before those contending passions within him. He is a remnant of the old world of Highland sturt and strife, and still to a degree in the midst of it, and at the same time a man endowed by Heaven with a genius of peace and intellect. Fighting with a horde of savages against reivers no more dishonest than his own clans, is it a wonder that sometimes MacCaillein's spirit, the spirit of the thinker and the scholar, should sink at the horror of his position? For all that, he has a courageous front nine times out of ten, and it would have been a miracle itself if he had not taken to the galley at Inverlochy yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning!" I cried. "Good God! I thought it was years ago, or something in a dream."

"And it was just yesterday morning," spoke on the cleric, "and to-day there's a marquis on his way south somewhere thinking of yesterday (I make no doubt) even on, with every recollection of his life lost for a space below that salt sea of remorse. And so simple the thing, too, like every pregnant moment of life. We lay on the flat land yonder as you left us on your reconnoitre, changed shots on the Saturday night with wandering malcontents, as we thought them, and found Montrose on the braes above us as the dawn broke. We had but a shot or two apiece to the musket, they tell me. Dunbarton's drums rolled, the pipes clamored, the camp rose from its sleep in a confusion, and a white moon was fainting behind us. Argile, who had slept in a galley all night, came ashore in a wherry with his left arm in a sling. His face was like the clay, but he had a firm lip, and he was buckling a hauberk with a steady hand as the men fell under arms. Left alone then, I have a belief that he would have come through the affair gallantly; but the Highland double-dealings were too much for him. He turned to Auchinbreac and 'Shall I take command, or——' leaving an alter-

native for his relatives to guess at. Auchinbreac, a stout soldier but a vicious, snapped him very short. 'Leave it to me, leave it to me,' he answered, and busied himself again in disposing his troops, upon whom I was well aware he had no great reliance. Then Sir James Rollock-Niddry and a few others pushed the marquis to take his place in his galley again, but would he? Not till Auchinbreac came up a second time, and seeing the contention of his mind, took your Highland way of flattering a chief, and made a poltroon act appear one of judgment and necessity. 'As a man and soldier only, you might be better here at the onset,' said Auchinbreac, who had a wily old tongue; 'but you are disabled against using sword or pistol; you are the mainstay of a great national movement, depending for its success on your life, freedom and continued exertion.' Argile took to the galley again, and Auchinbreac looked after him with a shamed and dubious eye. Well, well, Sir Duncan has paid for his temporizing; he's in his place appointed. I passed the knowe where he lay writhing to a terrible end, with a pike at his vitals, and he was moaning for the chief he had helped to a shabby flight."

"A shabby flight?" said M'Iver, with a voice that was new to me, so harsh was it and so high-set.

"You can pick the word for yourself," said the minister; "if by Heaven's grace I was out of this, in Inneraora I should have my own way of putting it to Argile, whom I love and blame."

"Oh, you Lowland dog!" cried John Splendid, more high-keyed than ever, "*you* to criticise Argile!" And he stepped up to the cleric, who was standing by the chimney-jamb, glowered hellishly in his face, then with a fury caught his throat in his fingers, and pinned him up against the wall.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### TRAPPED.

I caught M'Iver by the coat-lapels, and took him off the gasping cleric.

"O man!" I cried, "is this the High-

land brigadier to be throttling an old soldier of Christ?"

"Let me get at him and I'll set him in the way of putting the last truth of his trade to its only test," said he, still with a face corp-white, tugging at my hold and eyeing Master Gordon with a very uplifted and ferocious demeanor.

I suppose he must, in the midst of his fury, have got just a glisk of the true thing before him—not a worthy and fair opponent for a man of his own years, but an old wearied man of peace, with a flabby neck, and his countenance blotched, and his wig ajee upon his head so that it showed the bald pate below—for he came to himself as it were with a start. Then he was ashamed most bitterly. He hung his head and scraped with an unconscious foot upon the floor. The minister recovered his wind, looked with contempt in every line at the man who had abused him, and sat down without a word before the fire.

"I'm sorry about this," said M'Iver, fumbling about his waist-belt with nervous fingers; "I'm sorry about this, Master Gordon. A Highlander cannot be aye keeping God's gift of a temper in leash, and yet it's my disgrace to have laid a hand on a gentleman of your age and calling, even for the name of my chief. Will you credit me when I say I was blind to my own act? Something in me rose uncontrollable, and had you been Hector in armor, or my grandfather from the grave, I was at your neck."

"Say no more about it," answered Gordon. "I have seen the wolf so often at the Highlander's heart that I need not be wondering to find him snarling and clawing now. And still—from a gentleman—and a person of travel—"

"Say away, sir," said M'Iver, bitterly; "you have the whole plea with you this time, and I'm a rogue of the blackest. I can say no more than I'm sorry for a most dirty action."

Gordon looked at him, and seemed convinced that here was a genuine remorse; at least his mien softened and he said quietly, "You'll hear no more of it from me."

We were standing, M'Iver and I, in front of the hearth, warming to the peat glow, and the cleric sat in an oak arm-chair. Out in the vacant night the rain still pattered and the gale cried. And all at once, above the sound of wind and water, there came a wild rapping at the main door of the house, the alarm of a very crouse and angry traveller, finding a hostel barred against him at unseasonable hours. A whole childhood of fairy tale rose to my mind in a second; but the plain truth followed with more conviction, that there was no witch, warlock, nor fairy, but some one with a better right to the tenancy of Dalness than seven broken men with nor let nor tack. We were speedily together, the seven of us, and gathered in the hall, and listening, with mouths open and hearts dunting, to the rapping that had no sign of ceasing.

"I'll have a vizzy from an upper window of who this may be," said John, sticking a piece of pine in the fire till it flared at the end, and hurrying with it thus lighted up the stair. I followed at his heels, while the rest remained below ready to give whatever reception was most desirable to the disturbers of our night's repose. The window we went to looked out on the most utter blackness, a blackness that seemed to stream in at the window as we swung it softly back on its hinge. M'Iver put out his head and his torch, giving a warder's keek at the door below where the knocking continued. He drew in his head quickly and looked at me with astonishment.

"It's a woman," said he. "I never saw a campaign where so many petticoats of one kind or another were going. Who, in God's name, can this one be, and what's her errand to Dalness at this hour? One of its regular occupants would scarcely make such to-do about her summons."

"The quickest answer could be got by asking her," I said.

"And about a feint?" he said, musing. "Well, we can but test it."

We went down and reported to our companions, and Gordon was for opening the door on the moment. "A wan-



derer like ourselves," said he, "perhaps a widow of our own making from Glencoe. In any case a woman, and out in the storm."

We stood round the doors while M'Iver put back the bars and opened as much as would give entry to one person at a time. There was a loud cry, and in came the Dark Dame, a very spectacle of sorrow! Her torn garments clung sodden to her skin, her hair hung stringy at her neck, the elements had chilled and drowned the frenzied gleaming of her eyes. And there she stood in the doorway among us, poor woman, poor wretch, with a frame shaking to her tearless sobs.

"You have no time to lose," she said to our query, "a score of Glencoe men are at my back. They fancy they'll have you here in the trap this house's owner left you. Are you not the fools to be advantaging yourselves of comforts you might be sure no fairy left for Campbells in Dalness? You may have done poorly at Inverlochy—though I hear the Lowlanders and not you were the poltroons—but blood is thicker than water, and have we not the same hills beside our doors at home, and I have run many miles to warn you that MacDonald is on his way." She told her story with sense and straightness, her frenzy subdued by the day's rigor. Our flight from her cries, she said, had left her a feeling of lonely helplessness; she found, as she sped, her heart truer to the tartan of her name than her anger had let her fancy, and so she followed us round Loch Lhinne-head, and over the hills to Glencoe. At the blind woman's house in the morning, where she passed readily enough for a natural, she learned that the eldest son in the bed had set about word of our presence before we were long out of his mother's door. The men we had seen going down in the air of Tynree were the lad's gathering, and they would have lost us but for the beetle-browed rogue, who, guessing our route through the hills to Dalness, had run before them, and, unhampered by arms or years, had reached the house of Dalness a

little before we came out of our journey in swamp and corry. A sharp blade, certes! he had seen that unless something brought us to pause a while at Dalness we would be out of the reach of his friends before they had gained large enough numbers and made up on him. So he had planned with the few folk in the house to leave it temptingly open in our way, with the shrewd guess that starved and wearied men would be found sleeping beside the fire when the MacDonalds came round the gusset. All this the Dame Dubh heard and realized even in her half frenzy as she spent some time in the company of the marching MacDonalds, who never dreamt that her madness and her denunciations of Clan Diarmaid were mixed in some degree with a natural interest in the welfare of every member of that clan.

M'Iver scrutinized the woman sharply, to assure himself that there was no cunning effort of a mad woman to pay off the score her evil tongue of the day before revealed she had been reckoning; but he saw only her dementia gone to a great degree, a friend anxious for our welfare—so anxious, indeed, that the food Master Gordon was pressing upon her made no appeal to her famishing body.

"You come wonderfully close on my Frankfort story," said M'Iver, whimsically. "I only hope we may win out of Dalness as snugly as we won out of the castle of the cousin of Pomerania."

For a minute or two we debated on our tactics. We had no muskets, though swords were rife enough in Dalness, so a stand and a defence by weapons was out of the question. M'Iver struck on a more pleasing and cleanly plan. It was to give the MacDonalds tit for tat, and decoy them into the house as their friends had decoyed us into it, and leave them there in durance while we went on our own ways.

We jammed down the iron pins of the shutters in the salmanger, so that any exit or entrance by this way was made a task of the greatest difficulty; then we lit the upper flats, to give the notion that we were lying there.

M'Iver took his place behind a door that led from the hall to other parts of the house, and was indeed the only way there, while the rest of us went out into the night and concealed ourselves in the dark angle made by a turret and gable—a place where we could see, without being seen, any person seeking entry to the house.

All the paths about the mansion were strewn with rough sand or gravel from the river, and the rain, in slanting spears, played hiss upon them with a sound I never hear to-day but my mind's again in old Dalness. And in the dark, vague with rain and mist, the upper windows shone blar and ghostly, dull vapors from a swamp, corp-candles on the sea, more than the eyes of a habitable dwelling warm and lit within. We stood, the seven of us, against the gable (for the woman joined us and munched a dry crust between the chittering of her teeth), waiting the coming of the MacDonalds.

I got to my musing again, puzzled in this cold adventure, upon the mystery of life. I thought it must be a dream such as a man has lying in strange beds, for my spirit floated and cried upon that black and ugly air, lost and seeking as the soul of a man struggling under sleep. I had been there before, I felt, in just such piteous case among friends in the gable of a dwelling, yet all alone, waiting for visitors I had no welcome for. And then again (I would think), is not all life a dream, the sun and night of it, the seasons, the faces of friends, the flicker of fires and the nip of wine; and am not I now stark awake for the first time, the creature of God, alone in His world before the dusk has been divided from the day and bird and beast have been let loose to wander about a new universe? Or again (I would think), am I not dead and done with? Surely I fell in some battle away in Low Germanie, or later in the sack of Inneraora town, that was a town long, long ago, before the wave threshed in upon Dunchuach?

The man with the want, as usual, was at his tears, whispering to himself

reproach and memory and omens of fear, but he was alert enough to be the first to observe the approach of our enemy. Ten minutes at least before they appeared on the sward, lit by the lights of the upper windows, he lifted a hand, cocked an ear, and told us he heard their footsteps.

There were about a score and a half of the MacDonalds altogether, of various ages, some of them old gutchers that had been better advised to be at home snug by the fire in such a night or saying their prayers in preparation for the looming grave, some of them young and strapping, all well enough armed with everything but musketry, and guided to the house by the blind woman's son and a gentleman in a laced coat, whom we took to be the owner of Dalness because two men of the bearing and style of servants were in his train and very pretentious about his safety in the course of a debate that took place a few yards from us as to whether they should demand our surrender or attack and cut us down without quarter.

The gentleman sent his two lackeys round the house, and they came back reporting (what we had been very careful of) that every door was barred.

"Then," said the gentleman, "we'll try a bland knock, and if need be, force the main door."

He was standing now in a half dusk, clear of the light of the windows, with a foot on the step of the door; behind him gathered the MacDonalds with their weapons ready, and I dare say, could we have seen it, with no very pretty look on their faces. As he spoke, he put his hand on the hasp, and, to his surprise, the heavy door was open. We had taken good care of that too.

The band gathered themselves together and dived into the place, and the plaiding of the last of them had scarcely got inside the door than Stewart ran up with the key and turned the lock, with a low whistle for the guidance of M'Iver at the inner door. In a minute or less, John was round in our midst again with his share

of the contract done, and our rats were squealing in their trap.

For a little there was nothing but crying and cursing, wild beating against the door, vain attack on the windows, a fury so futile that it was sweet to us outsiders, and we forgot the storm and the hardship.

At last M'Iver rapped on the door and demanded attention.

"Is there any one there with the English?" he asked.

The gentleman of Dalness answered that he could speak English with the best cateran ever came out of Mac-Callein Mor's country, and he called for instant release, with a menace added that Hell itself could not excel the punishment for us if they were kept much longer under lock and bar. "We are but an advanced guard," said he, with a happy thought at lying, "and our friends will be at your back before long."

M'Iver laughed pawkily.

"Come, come, Dalness," said he, "do you take us for girls? You have every man left in Glencoe at your back there; you're as much ours as if you were in the tolbooth of Inneraora O; and I would just be mentioning that if I were in your place I would be speaking very soft and soothing."

"I'll argue the thing fairly with you if you will let us out," said Dalness, stifling his anger behind the door, but still with the full force of it apparent in the stress of his accent.

M'Iver laughed again.

"You have a far better chance where you are," said he. "You are very snug and warm there; the keg of brandy's on the left-hand side of the fire, though I'm afraid there's not very much left of it now that my friend of Achnatra here has had his will of it. Tell those gentry with you that we intend to make ourselves cosy in other parts of the house till the morn's morn'ing, and that if they attempt to force a way out by door or window before we let them, we'll have sentinels to blow out the little brains they have. I'm putting it to you in the English. Dalness—and I cry pardon for making

my first gossip with a Highland gentleman in such a tongue—but I want you to put my message in as plausible a way as suits you best to the lads and *bodachs* with you."

The man drew away from the neighborhood of the door; there was a long silence, and we concluded they were holding parley of war as to what was next to be done. Meantime we made preparations to be moving from a place that was neither safe nor homely. We took food from the pantries, scoured Stewart from a press he was prying in with clawing fingers and bulging pockets, and had just got together again at the rear of the house when a cry at the front told us that our enemies, in some way we never learned the manner of, had got the better of our bolted doors and shutters.

Perhaps a chance of planning our next step would have been in our favor; perhaps on the other hand it would have been the worse for us, because in human folly we might have determined on staying to face the odds against us, but there was no time for balancing the chances; whatever was to be done was to be done quickly.

"Royal's my race!" cried Stewart, dropping a pillow-slip full of goods he carried with him—"Royal's my race—and here's one with great respect for keeping up the name of it." And he leaped to a thicket on his left. The man with the want ran weeping up to the Dark Dame and clung to her torn gown, a very child in the stupor of his grief and fear. The baron-bailie and Sonachan and the minister stood spell-bound, and I cursed our folly at the weakness of our trap. Only M'Iver kept his wits about him.

"Scatter," said he in English—"scatter without *adieu*, and all to the fore by morning search back to the Brig of Urchy, comrades there till the middle of the day, then the devil take the hindmost."

More than a dozen MacDonalds came running round the gable end, lit by the upper windows, and we dispersed like chaff to the wind before M'Iver's

speech concluded. He and I ran for a time together, among the bushes of the garden, through the curly kail, under low, young firs that clutched at the clothing. Behind us the night rang with pursuing cries, with challenge and call, a stupid clamor that gave a clue to the track we could follow with greatest safety. M'Iver seemingly stopped to listen, or made up his mind to deviate to the side after a little; for I soon found myself running alone, and two or three men—to judge by their cries—keeping as close on me as they could by the sound of my plunging among twig and bracken. At last, by striking to an angle down a field that suddenly rolled down beside me, I found soft carpeting for my feet, and put an increasing distance between us. With no relaxation to my step, however, I kept running till I seemed a good way clear of Dalness policies, and on a bridle-path that led up the glen—the very road, as I learned later, that our enemy had taken on their way from Tynree. I kept on it for a little as well as I could, but the night was so dark (and still the rain was pouring though the wind had lowered) that by and by I lost the path, and landed upon rough, water-broken, rocky land, bare of tree or bush. The tumult behind me was long since stilled in distance, the storm itself had abated, and I had traversed for less than an hour when the rain ceased. But still the night was solemn black, though my eyes by usage had grown apt and accustomed to separate the dense black of the boulder from the drab air around it. The country is one threaded on every hand by *caes* and brook that drop down the mountain sides at almost every yard of the way. Nothing was to hear but the sound of running and falling waters, every brook with its own note, a tinkle of gold on a marble stair as I came to it, declining to a murmur of sweethearts in a bower as I put its banks behind me after wading or leaping; or a song sung in a clear spring morning by a girl among heather hills, muffling behind me to the blackguard discourse

of banditti waiting with poignards out upon a lonely highway.

I was lost somewhere north of Glen Etive; near me I knew must be Tynree, for I had been walking for two hours, and yet I dare not venture back on the straight route to to-morrow's rendezvous till something of daylight gave me guidance. At last I concluded that the way through the Black Mount Country to Bredalbane must be so close at hand it would be stupidity of the densest to go back by Dalness. There was so much level land round me that I felt sure I must be rounding the Bredalbane hills, so I chanced a plunge to the left. I had not taken twenty steps when I ran up against the dry-stone dyke that bordered the Inns of Tynree.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST.

*Signor mio, Gesù Cristo, Dio verace,  
Or fu sì fatta la sembianza vostra?*

—DANTE, "Parad." xxxi. 107.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, in his "Rex Regum," has again opened the question whether we possess any authentic record of the personal appearance of the Savior of Mankind, dating from the days when He lived on earth as a man among men. The question has been touched upon in many treatises, from the "Liber de Imaginibus" of J. Dallaeus (1642) down to Mr. Heaphy's recent work on "The Likeness of Christ."<sup>1</sup> In my "Life of Christ, as represented in Art" (1894), I have fully stated the arguments which convince me, as they have convinced many abler and more learned inquirers, that all genuine traditions respecting the human aspect of the Lord of Glory perished eighteen centuries ago. This conclusion Sir Wyke Bayliss impugns, and has recently published his arguments in favor of the view that there is a certain verisimilitude common to all

<sup>1</sup> See, too, *Art Journal*, 1861; *Quarterly Review* Oct., 1867.

the likenesses of Christ, and that this has been derived from almost contemporaneous pictures.

It would take me much too long, nor is it at all necessary, to enter into all the author's contentions; but I would say at once that he seems to me entirely to confuse the real issue when he speaks of pictures of Christ as "a sham," or "a deception," or a misleading delusion, unless they are directly derived from trustworthy descriptions or paintings. Ninety-nine out of every hundred painters would say at once that they only aimed at embodying an idea, not at furnishing the realistic reproduction of a supposed likeness. It is true that likenesses may be, and have been, preserved of men who lived long centuries before the Christian era; that portraiture was common in the days of the Apostles; that the early converts were filled with intense devotion to their Lord; and that antecedent probabilities would have pointed to some attempt having been made to preserve His features, had there not been (as there were) powerful influences in the opposite direction. But when Sir Wyke Bayliss proceeds to state that the disciples began at once to engrave likenesses of Christ's face and figure, he assumes for the rude outlines inlaid with gold-leaf on chalices and patens a very disputable age and trustworthiness, and he ignores whole masses of opposing evidence. He is, moreover, entirely mistaken in his supposition that "the only objections to the likeness are of a theological character." On the contrary, they are purely historical, and do not appeal either "exclusively," or at all, "to a particular phase of religious sentiment."

It is needless to allude to the so-called "Veronica Sudarium" at Rome; the statue at Paneas attributed to the gratitude of the woman with the issue of blood;<sup>1</sup> the "Volto Santo" at Lucca; the "Bambino" of the Ara Coeli; the likeness which legend says was sent by Christ to Abgar, King of Edessa;<sup>2</sup> that which Pilate is said to have sent to

Rome;<sup>3</sup> the emerald vernicle of the Vatican, and all other pictures, whether of miraculous origin (*θεόσευκτοι*) or attributed to Nicodemus or St. Peter or St. Luke—for none of them have even the dimmest fraction of historical validity or authorization. We must also set aside the description given by John the Damascene in the eighth century;<sup>4</sup> the spurious letter of Publius Lentulus to the Senate quoted by St. Anselm, and not older than the twelfth century; and the description in Greek by Epiphanius Monachus,<sup>5</sup> all of which are either purely imaginative or are downright forgeries. When we come to supposed representations of Christ in the catacombs we find only a very dubious mosaic conjecturally ascribed to the first century by Aringhi, but unlike other pictures, and most probably not even intended to represent our Lord at all; the famous *imago clipeata*, now almost obliterated, in the catacomb of St. Callixtus; and that with a cruciform nimbus in the cubiculum of St. Cecilia. Sir Wyke Bayliss thinks that the Callixtine picture was painted by some one who had actually seen Christ; but there is no proof that it is even intended for Christ at all, nor that it is earlier in date than the fourth century.<sup>6</sup> No decisive argument can be based on such utterly uncertain and disputable data. "*Les monuments*," says Didron, "*sont de dates très contestées et très contestables*."<sup>7</sup> We have the high authority of De Rossi for the statement that iconographic pictures of Christ are *extremely rare* in the catacombs, and that the symbolic treatment was absolutely predominant. Of the famous portrait in the crypt of St. Cecilia, which is of Byzantine type, he

<sup>1</sup> According to the Carpocratians. Iren. c. Haer. i. 25.

<sup>2</sup> John Damasc. Opp. i. 34. Niceph. H. E. i. 40.

<sup>3</sup> See Winer, Realwörterb. i. 570.

<sup>4</sup> It is, to say the least, a very singular fact—unique, I believe, in any professed picture of Christ—that he is here represented in an *exomis* with breast and shoulder quite naked. It is a little difficult to believe that even a fourth-century painter would have thus depicted the Savior. See Garrucci, Storia dell' Arte Cristiana, ii. 34.

<sup>5</sup> Icon. Chrét. p. 254.

<sup>1</sup> Euseb. H. E. vii. 13. Sozomen. H. E. v. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Euseb. H. E. i. 13. Evagrius, H. E. iv. 27.

says that it deserves no consideration because it is "*di etā assai tarda*," and perhaps not earlier than the ninth century.<sup>1</sup> As for the mere rough outlines on gems and glass pastes, they cannot for a moment be dignified with the name of *likenesses*, and, like those on enamels and mosaics and frescos, they differ from each other in almost every particular, except that the hair is usually parted in the middle. There is in the Vatican a portrait on ivory which De Rossi considers to be "indisputably the most ancient of all representations of our Lord"—but except in the manner in which the hair is parted, it is absolutely unlike the Calixtine picture. Many of the beautiful illustrations given by Sir Wyke Bayliss exhibit faces wholly dissimilar from each other in type and expression; and when Glückselig attempted to reproduce an authentic likeness of Christ from the features common to many various forms, the result was a ghastly failure.<sup>2</sup> In the fifth century St. Augustine (*d. A. D. 430*) wrote that even in his days "the aspect of the Lord's humanity, though it must have been a definite aspect,<sup>3</sup> yet *innumerabilium imaginationum diversitate variatur et fingitur*." He regards these pictures as only indicating "*quod sibi animus fingit, longe fortasse aliter quam se res habuit*."

In the ninth century Photius<sup>4</sup> writes that the Greeks, the Romans, the Indians, the Ethiopians and other peoples all varied the semblance of Christ into conformity to their own national type. Not to dwell on the absolute antagonism between the ugly repulsiveness of the Byzantine type, common in the Eastern Church, and the radiant beauty of the Greek type, or the fine dignity of the Roman type, all great painters have chosen and varied their own ideal. Many modern writers—Ammon, Winkelmann, Wessenberg, etc.—have remarked on this divergence of the ideals chosen to depict our Lord in Christian Art.<sup>5</sup>

It is strange that a writer in the nineteenth century should so confidently argue in favor of the authenticity of any likeness of the Savior, when it is so well known that there was a marked difference between the Greek and Latin Fathers on so elementary a question as whether He was, in His human aspect, beautiful or unlovely. In answer to the taunt of the heathen Celsus that, by the common report of his day, Jesus was "small, ill-favored and ignoble," Origen (*d. A. D. 253*) admitted that, *arguing from prophecy*, it might indeed be supposed that He was ill-favored (*δυσευδής*) but not ignoble (*άγενής*), and that there was no certain evidence that He was short of stature (*μικρός*). Comparing Isa. lili. 1-3 with Ps. xlv. 3-4, he believed that "the changing aspects of Christ's body appeared to each one, according to the capacity of the spectator"—in other words, that the appearance of Christ depended entirely on the subjective impression, and that His *true* semblance was that in which the three Apostles saw Him when He was transfigured.<sup>6</sup> Can there be any more decisive proof that no known genuine likeness of Christ existed in the third century, when Origen could not appeal to decisive tradition, but only to the apparently opposite passages of Isaiah and David, even on so general a question as His human beauty or the reverse? It is obvious that inferences from these prophetic quotations were the only grounds on which the Fathers had to rely. Justin Martyr says that "He appeared without beauty."<sup>7</sup> St. Clement of Alexandria (*d. A. D. 203*) says that "He passed through the world unlovely in the flesh, and without form, thereby teaching us to look at the unseen and incorporate;" and that "He used a commonplace (*εὐρελεῖ*) form of body," and was "base in aspect."<sup>8</sup> Tertullian again (*A. D. 212*) declares that "His body was devoid not only of

<sup>1</sup> See Augusti, *Christl. Archäol.*, xli. 247 (1831).

<sup>2</sup> Orig. c. Cels. vi. 75, 76.

<sup>3</sup> Dial. c. Tryph. 14, 36.

<sup>4</sup> Clem. Alex. Strom. iii. 17, § 103; li. 5, § 22; vi. 17, § 151. Paed. iii. 1.

<sup>1</sup> See Roma Sotteranea, ii. 128, 359, 361.

<sup>2</sup> Christusarchiologie, 1863.

<sup>3</sup> Aug. De Trin. viii. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Ep. lxi.



heavenly lustre, but even of human nobleness," and that "He was not even pleasing in appearance." He rebukes with indignation those who painted Him as attractive in appearance, and asks, "*Quid destrius necessarium dedecus fidei?*" Now, if these ancient Fathers were right, clearly the traditional likeness, which is full of nobleness and charm, cannot have been authentic. If in those early centuries the Christians who were "men of light and leading" could not point to any likeness which would have put an end to all controversies, no such picture of any acknowledged value could have existed. They had no data to which they could refer except prophetic passages which seemed to be opposite in import.

St. Jerome (*d. A. D. 420*) argues that there must have been "something starry" in our Lord's appearance, or else the Apostles would not have accepted Him at once, nor would those who were sent to arrest Him have fallen to the ground;<sup>1</sup> and St. Augustine says that He must have been beautiful as an infant, beautiful on earth, beautiful in Heaven. But these Fathers only confirm their opinion of what was most fitting by adducing such passages as "Thou art fairer than the children of men." Augustine, though he had (as we have said) seen "innumerable" fancy pictures of Christ, goes so far as to say "*quod fuerit Ille facie penitus ignoramus.*" Now St. Jerome, when he lived in Rome, had been a constant visitor to the catacombs, and had also spent many years in Asia Minor and in Palestine; and St. Augustine had lived in Rome and Milan and Carthage and Hippo. Had there been among the Christians of Italy, or of Africa, or of Asia Minor, any picture whatever of Christ which they regarded as being in the remotest degree traditional and authentic, they could not fail to have known it, and to have referred to it. Can we in the nine-

teenth century pretend to know more than they did about a question of contemporary historic fact?

It may be at once conceded that we should not have *expected* that Christians would so completely lose every vestige of tradition as to so broad an issue as the beauty or the absence of beauty in the human form of Him whom they passionately loved and adored as "the Lord of Life and all the worlds." But the fact that so it was is as easily explicable as it is historically certain.

The non-existence of genuine pictures was due to the circumstance that to the early Christians, for at least three centuries, it was generally regarded as irreverent to depict the semblance of One whom they regarded always as their Eternal and Divine and glorified Lord. All the early Jewish disciples would, of course, have looked upon any picture of Christ as a violation of the second Commandment; and their Gentile converts, surrounded on every side by idols which they abhorred, shared the same view. For three centuries at least in the catacombs the predominant references to Christ are frankly symbolic, indirectly allusive, typical, or purely ideal. On the splendid sarcophagi of the centuries after Constantine He is still set forth as a lamb, or as the Good Shepherd, or as a radiant youth. Clement of Alexandria told the Christians to use only symbols on their rings, such as the fish, the anchor and the dove. As late as the Council of Elvira (Eliberis), after A. D. 310, a canon was passed that there should not be pictures in churches, lest "what is worshipped and adored should be depicted on walls." The learned and large-hearted Eusebius of Cesarea (A. D. 326) all but rebuked the Empress Constantia for wishing to possess a picture of Christ, saying that in His eternal form He could not be painted, and that pictures of His human aspect "were not to be found in churches, and were forbidden among Christians." The pure in heart (he says) see God; and if the empress wished for a likeness of Christ, "what better painter can there

<sup>1</sup> Jer. in Matt. i. 8. Ad Principiam, 14. Aug. de Trin. viii. 4, 5; but in Ps. cxxvii. he seems to take a different view.

be than the Word of God Himself?"<sup>1</sup> In A. D. 402 Epiphanius, in a church in Palestine, near Bethel, contemptuously tore down a hanging "which bore an image, as it were, of Christ, or of some saint," regarding it as "a source of offence unworthy of the Church of Christ." Even Paulinus of Nola (*d. A. D. 431*), whose innovations had more to do than anything else with the introduction of figures into churches, yet expressly abstained from representing Christ, except as "a snowy lamb standing under a blood-stained cross," giving as his reason for this that "the works of our hands cannot contain Him whom the whole world contains not." It was not till the days of the Trullan, or Quini-Sext Council (A. D. 692), that Christians were bidden no longer to paint Christ under the symbol of a lamb, but in human form—*κατὰ τὸν ἀνθρώπινον χαρακτῆρα*.

These facts, even taken alone, seem to me to be decisive. But the reason for this reserve was not only to be found in the second Commandment. The early Christians gloried in the heathen taunt that they had "no altars, no temples, no images, no representations of any Divine Being," which could only become valuable by a puerile hallucination.<sup>2</sup> They left such things in the early centuries to Carpocrates and other heretics. The first generation of Christians lived in the constant vivid sense of Christ's immediate though unseen Presence.<sup>3</sup> They believed the words, "It is *expedient* for you that I go away," and felt that their spiritual realization of His Abiding Presence was, as He had promised that it should be, something more and better than the sight of the Body of His humiliation. They would also have said with St. Paul, "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know Him *so* no more."<sup>4</sup> Thinking habitually of the Risen, As-

cended, Glorified, Eternal, yet ever-present, Christ, they had less yearning for any earthly reminder of Him. The New Testament writers never pause for a moment to tell us how Christ looked as a man. There is not the slightest mention in early Christian literature of any relic of Him of any kind. The earthly and the mortal were so completely absorbed in the glory of the Eternal Divinity that even the Sacred Sites came to be completely forgotten, and we are, to this day, entirely uncertain as to the exact locality of places so infinitely sacred as Golgotha, Gethsemane and the Garden of the Sepulchre.

There was a third reason why the earthly appearance of Jesus was not even preserved in tradition. Not only were pictures regarded with suspicion, and not only did Christians all but exclusively present Christ to their own imagination as the Glorified, Eternal God, but further, they lived—for the whole of the first century at least—in the constant expectation of His immediate return.

I cannot, then, but think that the arguments of Sir Wyke Bayliss in his little book are quite inconclusive, though the book itself is beautiful and interesting. Pictures of our Lord cannot in these days tempt us, as they might have tempted early Pagan converts, into idolatry of the material. We can, therefore, gaze with delight and profit on every sacred picture by Glotto and Fra Angelico, by Bernardino Luini and Lorenzo di Credi, by Giovanni Bellini and Carpaccio, by Millais and Holman Hunt. We do not, however, regard them in the light of historically accurate reproductions of the actual events of the Gospel story, but as embodiments of the Idea. We may apply to them the thought which Coleridge expressed about the scenes of nature:—

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

F. W. FARRAR.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in the Acts of the Second Council of Nice (A. D. 787). *Migne Patrol. Græc* xx. 1546.

<sup>2</sup> Arnobius, *c. Gentes*, vi. 1, 3, 8.

<sup>3</sup> *Minue. Fel.* Oct. 10.

<sup>4</sup> 2 Cor. v. 10.

From *The Argosy*.  
FOLLY OF WOMAN.

"Seriously, Eve, you don't think of going to the Orde-Lauristons' to-morrow night?"

"Quite seriously, my dear Betty, I do." Mrs. Allonby smiled languidly from among her sofa cushions, and drew the fur rug thrown over her closer, with an involuntary shiver.

"But—but ought you to go?" Betty Holmwood murmured diffidently. She was only twenty; Eve Allonby represented to her girlish enthusiasm the sum of all feminine perfection; in impugning her idol's wisdom she felt herself perilously near committing sacrilege. "Remember, on Monday you could scarcely lift your head from your pillow."

"And to-day is Thursday, and I am virtually quite well. I cannot consent to be made an invalid of any longer, whatever you and Doctor Carmichael may say."

"I shouldn't have imagined." Betty said ruefully, "that you would have cared so very much——"

"About one of Eleanor Orde-Lauriston's crushes? Oh, if that only were in question, I'd willingly stay at home! But there is Walter. I hate disappointing him; besides, he really ought to put in an appearance at this party. All the political people will be there."

"Can't he go without you?"

"You know he never cares to go anywhere without me"—reproachfully.

"I know. Still, I should think——" Betty checked herself suddenly.

"Ah, you think many things!" Mrs. Allonby half laughed, half sighed. "Wait till you've been married five years, my child. Then you'll understand that your husband's fancy for having you always with him is not one to be trifled with. Also, that if a woman wishes to keep a man's comradeship, to be his friend of friends, she must prepare to wage war with feminine laziness. No man will put up with a comrade who 'falls out' whenever she becomes the least little bit footsore."

"It's the man's business to call a halt

as soon as she feels tired," Betty declared.

"And the woman's, if she's wise, to prevent his guessing that she does feel tired," Eve retorted. "I often marvel at the folly of wives whom I overhear boring their husbands to death with the tale of their petty ailments. In my own case—but perhaps you may say that mine is an exceptional case"—flushing painfully. "It is, undoubtedly. When the balance of age lies so much on the wrong side——"

"My dear Eve," the girl protested hastily, "surely you needn't take that point into consideration! To begin with, you look years younger than Mr. Allonby. Every one says so."

Betty's exuberance of feeling occasionally found vent in a corresponding recklessness of speech. But in her present desire to console, she was not guilty of rhetorical exaggeration. No unprejudiced observer, setting Eve Allonby—still, at four and thirty, combining the slender grace and delicate coloring of girlhood with that higher and deeper beauty to be found only in the face of the woman who has thought and loved and sorrowed—beside the man who entered her morning-room as Miss Holmwood left it, would have supposed her his equal in age, much less his elder by a round half-dozen years.

Walter Allonby was one of those heavily handsome men who cease to look young before they have well put off the schoolboy's jacket. At twenty-eight he might easily have passed for thirty-five—and exceedingly comely thirty-five, be it understood. Tall, broad-shouldered, straight of limb and hard of muscle, with a fresh complexion and placid, ox-like eyes, Eve's husband might have sat appropriately for a picture of the trueborn Englishman of a certain type and class—the class which dresses faultlessly and fares sumptuously every day; the type which, happily conscious of blamelessness in all works of the law, contemplates life habitually through the smoked glasses of a perfect self-satisfaction, thereby blurring its perception of many facts

that, more vividly apprehended, might ruffle its serenity and impair its appetite.

Mr. Allonby, on leaving Oxford, had been called to the bar; but he had never attempted to practise. Having a sufficient private income, he could afford to indulge at once his dislike of drudgery and his ambitions—which lay in the direction of a political career. A promising speaker and good man of business, he took pains to make himself useful in both capacities to his party. And "the party" had lately acknowledged his services—by recommending him to an East Anglian constituency which had no candidate of the right color in reserve against the forthcoming general election.

Just now—between nursing this constituency, extending his social connections (he held that, to the furtherance of his larger ends, it was highly important he should "get on in society"), and indulging in those healthful sports which, as he was fond of telling his rural audiences, "have made Englishmen what they are"—Mr. Allonby had little time to spare. It was unfortunate that Eve—a model wife, who seconded him with unflagging zeal in all his schemes—should happen to be laid aside at such a juncture. Besides, her usefulness apart, he missed her hourly companionship. No one else understood him so perfectly, sympathized so completely with his aims, or watched with so keenly attentive an eye the effect of his speeches—or his boundary drives—on a critical crowd.

"Better? Really? Quite yourself again?" he inquired anxiously, coming up to her sofa. "That's right! Then you won't be afraid to attempt the Orde-Lauristons' to-morrow?"

"Not a bit!" Eve responded, sitting up bravely. She had thrown off her furs and raised herself from her recumbent position as soon as she heard her husband's step.

"And I can let Holroyd know that he may expect us on Monday?"

"Monday? I thought the stone-laying at Marpleton"—Marpleton is the chief town of that county division for

which Allonby hoped shortly to write himself down member—"was fixed for Wednesday?"

"So it is; but Holroyd has arranged for me to play round the Marpleton links with Naylor on Tuesday morning, and he thought I had better have a walk over the course first. So Monday was suggested."

"I see. How would it be if I joined you at the Holroyds' on Tuesday, then? Of course, I must be there for Wednesday's ceremony—"

"But you'd like to go round with the match, wouldn't you? And there's no morning train that would get you there in time. We start at eleven."

Mrs. Allonby suppressed an inclination to laugh—possibly one to sigh also.

"Oh, in that case it had better be Monday for both of us!"

"Very well. I'll send Charles to the post-office with a wire at once. And, Eve"—pausing in the doorway—"could you get up a little impromptu dinner on Saturday, do you think? Just eight people or so—to meet Mallinger? I know he'd like to come."

"The thing is difficult; but it shall be done," quoted Mrs. Allonby, nodding her husband lightly out of the room.

It proved difficult—in another sense than that in which Eve had spoken or Walter understood the word. Mrs. Allonby did not know, till she took pen in hand, how absurdly weak that "slight" attack of influenza had left her.

"The demon is playing havoc with my nerves—after his accustomed fashion, I suppose," she thought, on finding herself ready to weep because she had directed two envelopes upside down. "But he sha'n't have the better of me; I won't give way!"

And she did not give way. She appeared in Mrs. Orde-Lauriston's crowded rooms the following evening as brilliant and gay as resolution and one of Rose Feullet's most successful creations could make her; thus arousing the virtuous indignation of Mrs. Cotterell, her husband's aunt.

"The way young women nowadays—

and especially young married women—spend their lives (and risk them) in the headlong chase after amusement is positively shocking, to my mind," this excellent person declared to old Lady Holmwood. "Look at my nephew's wife!" She nodded fiercely towards the corner where Eve, smiling over the posy of bothouse flowers with which Walter had presented her "on her return to the stage," was holding three men in talk at once. "At the beginning of the week she was in bed, with a doctor looking grave about the state of her lungs. And there she stands—with the thermometer twelve degrees below zero—tempting Providence in a low-necked gown?"

"A very pretty gown," Betty's grandmother commented approvingly, turning her head and her long-handled glasses in Mrs. Allonby's direction; "and particularly becoming to Eve. Except that she is a trifle pale, I have never seen her in more charming looks."

Could Mrs. Allonby have overheard this flattering expression of opinion, her mind—much tormented by doubt on the subject of her personal appearance—might have found rest. As it was, her secret anxiety betrayed itself in a hasty appeal to Betty:—

"What do you think of me?"

"The frock's a dream!" Betty responded with heartfelt enthusiasm.

"Oh, the frock is well enough, I know!"—impatiently. "But I—I myself? Do I look like the death's head at this feast of reason?"—glancing, with a faint curl of the lip, along the range of overthronged rooms in which a number of suffering men and women were engaged in practically demonstrating the compressible quality of the human body, and trying to look as if they found the process agreeable. "Am I fit to appear among my fellows?"

The words were light. But the speaker's eyes hung on Betty's for an answer.

Betty was highly reassuring. "You are exquisite. Just like a spray of white lilac—or stephanotis. But, oh,

Eve, I wish you were at home, away from the heat in here and the draughts outside. Promise me, at least, not to stay late?"

Mrs. Allonby touched the girl's arm caressingly with her fan.

"You foolish, tender-hearted child!" (There had been a suspicion of tears in Betty's pleading voice.) "I promise—on the faith and honor of a gentlewoman. As soon as Walter has done with Sir John Mallinger—a mere candidate must needs be patient with an ex-minister, let him be never so prosy—we will depart. I daresay they will have had their talk out in another five minutes."

Mrs. Allonby underrated the charms of political conversation. Sir John Mallinger's further comments on the position of national affairs and the prospects of Mr. Allonby's return for the Marpleton Division of Loamshire occupied fully a quarter of an hour; and his retirement only left Walter free to cultivate the good graces of other distinguished persons who happened to be present. Not till it was growing very late indeed did he find himself at leisure to propose taking his wife home.

By that time Eve was frankly tired out. She had some difficulty in not falling asleep as soon as she found herself in the carriage. But Walter was in a talkative mood. So once more will triumphed over weakness.

"I suppose you saw Arthur Chaloner?" he remarked, when the sayings and civilities of Sir John Mallinger and his colleagues had been sufficiently discussed.

"Across the room only. I thought he looked out of spirits. Was Mrs. Chaloner there?"

"No. She's laid up with one of her many maladies—so I understood from Chaloner. Poor beggar! I'm awfully sorry for him; that woman's a perfect millstone about his neck. He can't even ask a friend to dine, because she's 'not equal to seeing people!' Of course he is dropping out of notice in consequence. An invalid wife plays the deuce with a man's social career."

Here Eve, who had stretched out her

hand to shut the carriage-window, drew it back abruptly.

"To say nothing of all she costs him in fashionable doctors and German baths. You don't object to that window? Right—the fresh air is good for you after those stifling rooms."

Mrs. Allonby did her best not to shiver in the freezing blast euphemistically described as "fresh."

"Mabel Chaloner looked very ill when I saw her three weeks ago."

"I daresay! The last time I saw her—that must be three months since—she had become a perfect hag. And I remember her quite a pretty girl! But this is what comes of that abominable sofa-and-brougham system you women take to so readily. I beg your pardon, Eve! Thank Heaven, you never inclined to be hypochondriacal!"

Mrs. Allonby laughed faintly at the fervor of her husband's tone. "I shook off that influenza pretty quickly, didn't I?"

"Because you behaved with spirit, and refused to shut yourself up—just to please old Carmichael. I wish he could have seen you to-night! Do you know that Karakoff was asking for an introduction to 'that very distinguished beauty in white,' just before we left? There's a feather in your cap!"

Eve laughed again. But during the next few days, amid all the discomforts of that relapse which followed necessarily upon her act of imprudence, she recalled the pride with which Walter had quoted the Russian diplomatist's flattering epithet, and congratulated herself that she had "made an effort."

When Prince Karakoff met her again, five months later, he was less lavish of admiration.

"That the lovely Mrs. Allonby of last winter?" he queried, shaking his bald head mournfully. "You surprise me! On my honor, I should not have known the lady again."

It seems that, given a heart and lungs which had been "touched" by the influenza-fiend, a regimen of party-giving and party-going, of golf-playing over wind-swept links and stone-lay-

ings in driving sleet, may work as sorrowful havoc with the patient's good looks as that sofa-and-brougham course so uncompromisingly condemned by Walter Allonby.

Walter Allonby's wife recognized this truth, yet she continued the regimen. She continued it, because she durst not, for her life, flag in that arduous business of keeping step, lest her husband should remember that she was six years older than he.

Remembering that miserable fact always herself, having it continually before her mind, she watched her beauty fade with daily-increasing terror—terror of the fatal moment when Walter, in whose own eyes she could already discern puzzled disapproval of her changed appearance, should read in the eyes of others that his wife was become a plain, sickly, *passé* woman. His position, as an embryo politician without great wealth or great connections, was not such as to compel social consideration for her. Such modest success as she had won in the great world was due (she knew it) to her own fair face and bright wit. Now both these weapons of attraction had failed her at once (it was so difficult to be amusing when all one's energies are absorbed in doing battle with physical weakness!), and society, carelessly cruel, was beginning to show its consciousness of her losses.

When, at a certain great ball, three successive blank spaces confronted her on her programme, she knew that the hour of doom was ready to strike.

Desperate, she turned from those significant blanks to look up into the face of a tall, soldierly man standing near, demanding, in her most winning manner:—

"How is it that you haven't invited me to tread a measure with you to-night, kinsman?"

Major Everard started, and his grave face paled under its layer of sunburn. Of late years he had grown chary of asking his cousin Eve to dance with him. She had never, even in girlhood, suspected the nature of his feeling for her, never divined the existence of that



silent, selfless devotion which he kept so carefully hidden in the most secret recesses of his chivalrous soul. Yet was he scrupulous in the matter of offering her attentions which he would have paid without thought to any other woman.

"I—I didn't suppose you would condescend so far," he stammered. "I'm not a first-class performer, you know."

"It's so long since we danced together, I really can't place you!" Eve smiled back. "Let's have a trial turn now."

Once, twice, they floated round the great ball-room. Then Everard felt his partner's fingers close convulsively upon his sleeve, and heard her whisper hoarsely:—

"Get me out of this place—quick! Somewhere quiet—where people won't see."

Mechanically—feeling her weight grow every moment heavier on his arm—Everard made his way out of the crowded dancing-room and through a short gallery into the conservatory beyond. There Eve fell into a chair, panting and speechless.

Terrified by her ashen face, and the ominous blue line round her drawn mouth, the man looked about him distractedly—divided between fear of leaving her and anxiety for help. She beckoned to him reassuringly with a fluttering hand.

"It's nothing. I'm a little overtired; I shall be better—presently. Some water—from the fountain!"

He espied an empty lemonade glass on a neighboring table, brought the water in it, and wetted her forehead liberally with a dripping handkerchief. Still the piteous struggle for breath went on. "I'll call some one," he muttered; and would have started off but for her eager cry of:—

"Don't do anything of the kind! I want no one! If you bring anybody here I'll never speak to you again! See, I'm nearly well already!"

He paused, afraid to stay, still more afraid to go in the face of that passionate appeal. And gradually her breathing became less labored, her pallor less

ghastly. At the end of five minutes she sat up, saying quite cheerfully:—

"That's over. Poor Tom! What a nuisance for you! I do hope"—with a quick frown of anxiety—"that Walter didn't notice. Was he in the ball-room when we came away?"

"I think—not."

With a sigh of relief she began putting the little damp curls on her forehead into order.

"My hair feels as if I'd been in the sea. Really, Tom, you might have had more regard for my appearance."

"I never thought about your appearance at all," was the major's blunt answer. "And I suppose it doesn't much matter—of course you'll go home now?"

"Not at once. I don't want to spoil Walter's evening."

The major bent his brows.

"Was it for his pleasure you came here to-night?"

Eve sprang at once to arms.

"For my own, I'm afraid—principally. I love dancing; I'm a perfect child where a ball is in question. By the way, Tom, you undervalue your powers. I'll give you the third and the fifth at Lady Holmwood's to-morrow if you like."

"You mean to go to another dance to-morrow?" said Everard, appalled.

"Most certainly; why not?"

"Why not?" Everard's tone was more than half angry now. "Because you are totally unfit for this life of hurry and fatigue and excitement. You look ill; you are ill—we have just had abundant proof of that. If you go on in this fashion, you will do yourself some serious mischief. What has come over you? When you were a young girl in your first season, you could give up parties philosophically enough. And now—now—"

"Now that I am old enough to know better, I will not forego a single evening's amusement, you would say?" Eve had grown very white again; her lips were quivering. "Even so, sage moralist. You see, I'm painfully conscious that, being so old, I shall have few more opportunities of dancing, and

must needs make the most of those that remain."

"Even at the risk of killing yourself?"

"Have you never heard of a short life and a merry one? You needn't trouble yourself to assume that disapproving air, sir. I don't mean to sink into an aged invalid before necessity compels me, just to gratify prudent persons like yourself!"

In such airy fashion did she bear down his arguments—being, indeed, for the moment really gay, since had not this business of "the attack"—she never gave it any more definite name—tided her safely over those terrible blank spaces? She insisted on returning to mingle at once with the crowd; and when Betty, an hour later, ventured a low-voiced remonstrance, grounded on her friend's air of suppressed suffering, she was repulsed with:—

"My dear, it's not civil to tell people they are too ugly to be abroad. If I had a cough which disturbed the company's peace of mind, I would retire at once." ("Thank heaven! my ailments have never taken such tangible form!" she thought to herself.) "But in this free country I presume a woman may be permitted to look as ill as she likes."

When Major Everard stepped out of his hansom at Lady Holmwood's door the following evening, he felt certain—miserably certain—of finding Eve among her guests. There had been strong and serious purpose underlying his cousin's light speech. Something—very far removed from reckless love of pleasure—was driving her remorselessly upon this suicidal course which he, and every other human being save one, stood powerless to arrest.

Dance music was sounding as he crossed the hall; but just as he reached the foot of the staircase it ceased, sharply, suddenly, in the middle of a bar. And his first sight of the ball-room on the upper floor showed him no array of ordered couples, but a veritable mob of black-coated men and bare-necked, bejewelled women pressing towards a doorway at the fur-

ther end, with subdued exclamations of:—

"She's dead!" "No, no—it's only a fainting fit!" "Heart, I suppose; she looked appallingly ill at Preston House last night." "Is her husband here?" "Not yet; coming on later." "Some one ought to send for him."

With scant ceremony, Tom Everard elbowed his way through the swaying, murmuring throng into the little room—draped and shaded to a soft gloom for "sitters out"—where, on a heap of cushions, Eve Allonby lay white and motionless. An elderly man—a great physician who had brought his daughters to the ball—bent over her, holding her left wrist in his fingers. Lady Holmwood, pale and shaking, was at the head of the couch; at the foot knelt Betty, crying helplessly.

As Everard, walking like a man in a dream, came close to the group, the elderly man drew back, with an ominous shake of his grey head; and the still figure on the cushions, stirring slightly, opened its eyes. Stooping in his turn, the major caught the old, pitiful whisper:—

"It's nothing—overtired. I shall be better—presently."

A pause followed—a moment long as an hour to the man whose own heart seemed to stand still in breathless waiting. Then the pale lips moved again—for the last time:—

"Don't let—my husband—know!"

"Poor thing, she courted her fate! Her folly was positively criminal. She *knew* from Doctor Carmichael—whom it seems she had consulted without telling any of us—that her heart was all wrong. And yet on the day of her death she rode in the park, went to Sandown with her husband, and dined out somewhere—before coming on to the Holmwood dance! Of course one feels immensely for *him*; but it's difficult to be very sorry for a woman who deliberately threw away her life—for the sake of a few parties."

This is Mrs. Cotterell's verdict—generally allowed to be just by the majority of Eve Allonby's acquaintance.

Allonby himself, while missing his wife terribly, cannot altogether shut his eyes to the recklessness of the behavior which deprived him of her; in him, too, a recognition of her folly has done something to soften the edge of grief. There are, however, a few soft-hearted persons—among them Major Everard and little Betty—who, all her errors notwithstanding, find it easy to mourn poor Eve. And these give that "folly," rightly condemned of their less indulgent fellows, another and a gentler name.

CONSTANCE SMITH.

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From The Speaker.  
THE WORLD'S COAL.

The prolonged dispute in the South Wales coal trade, diversified this week by efforts at conciliation, which seem likely, as we go to press, to prove ineffectual, gives prominence to a number of uncomfortable questions which must often have occurred to that numerous class of people whose talent lies in the direction of forecasts—usually more or less pessimistic—of the economic and political future of the world. We may dismiss the question suggested by the postponement of the naval maneuvers—What if war should break out during a coal strike? Strikes do not happen in a rising market, and in view of the reserve of coal necessarily kept by the admiralty, a short supply immediately before the outbreak of a war in which we were concerned could not greatly affect us; though it might obviously affect any foreign Power very seriously that depended for its steam coal on English supplies. Our own deficiencies could be made up by an increased output at an increased price; but the deficiencies of another Power could not be made up by English exports after war broke out, whether England were a belligerent or a neutral. Such, at least, is the obvious inference from the treatment the belligerent ships have received in the present war at the hands of our government. But other questions are more substantial. The Welsh

proposal to restrict the output raises the question: But is Welsh steam coal really a monopoly? If not, the political consequences are no less important than the economic. Von Moltke, as is well known, predicted that the wars of the future would be long. Now the reserves of steam coal must soon be exhausted, and then the victory should ultimately rest with the Power that can secure fresh supplies most readily, or—though this may be a secondary matter—at least cost. But the question of foreign supplies of coal raises the much vaster question: As the industry of the world must almost inevitably go to the sources of its power, is not industrial supremacy likely to pass from Europe to America or to the East?

Material for answering these questions may be found in the notable article contributed by Mr. Benjamin Taylor to this month's *Nineteenth Century*. In the first place, we infer from it that, in spite of incidental attempts to force German or Belgian coal into the English market—attempts assisted by low railway rates abroad—we need have no fear of German competition, except perhaps of a spasmodic character, either in coal or in any of the industries which depend principally on cheap coal. The whole annual product of the United Kingdom is (in round numbers) 202 million tons. That of Germany is 91 million tons; that of France, 20¼ million; that of Belgium 22½ million; that of the whole of Europe, 157 million tons. Considering that only a small part of the Continental coal—there are no means of ascertaining how much, but it must be small—is high-class steam coal, we need scarcely trouble ourselves about a permanent Continental competition which must involve some breaking of bulk and waste. The real danger, as Mr. Taylor shows, is from the United States. We think he even underrates it, for he says nothing about the development of Alabama. But he points out that the States now produce 178 million tons yearly; that the output can be largely increased; that much of it is excellent steam coal, and that it may before long compete with British bunker coal in the Medi-

terranean ports. And the increase must inevitably have the far more important result of making the United States permanently the superior of Britain in all the greater industries. We have heard it argued that in most branches of mechanical engineering, and in iron manufacture, America does not now beat us only because, Protectionism providing her with a secure market, she does not put forth her strength. Yet, as it is, American rails and locomotives displace ours in new countries. But Protectionism means a glut; and the opening of Cuba and the Philippines—if they are to be opened—can only give temporary relief. If, however, the prospect is serious for us, it is far more serious for our Continental competitors. Count Goluchowski's allusion to the danger last October was probably motivated by his fears for the agricultural interests of Europe. It has even more significance when industrial interests are considered; and the time cannot be very far off when Protection will afford no barrier.

It is somewhat reassuring to us as Britons to take a wider view of a remoter future. No part of Mr. Taylor's article is more interesting than that which deals with the newer sources of supply—chiefly in the British Empire, but also in Siberia, China and Japan, and in a much lesser degree in South Africa and South America. Australia and New Zealand produce altogether six million tons annually, a total which can be enormously increased. British India produces four and a half million tons, of which the same may be said. About two millions are raised in South Africa—three-fourths of it in the Transvaal—and a million in British Columbia; but there is plenty more there and in the Canadian Northwest. Chili and Mexico produce half a million each. Japan produces five millions, China two; but some of the particulars of Chinese coal lately published suggest that the surface has been merely scratched—that the coal is quarried rather than mined. On the other hand, the potential supplies in Siberia and Manchuria are enormous—a fact which

may well make us uncomfortable as to the future of our naval supremacy in the Northern Pacific. It is a comforting reflection that—as Mr. Taylor points out—Britain controls about thirty-eight per cent. of the total present annual supply of the world. Unfortunately, it is not all exactly where it is most wanted, and in considering the future, we must set off against it the potential future output of Northeastern Asia.

The industrial consequences of this wide diffusion of the great source of mechanical power are far too vast to be dealt with here. Cheap coal and cheap labor are, of course, not the sole factors in production at a low cost; they may only mean low-grade and wasteful production. Still, the facts suggest that the present cry for "new markets" has only a transitory significance, and that we are not so very far from a fulfilment of the Stolic and Virgillan dream of the good time—approached in our day by Prince Kropotkin—when Nature shall not be outraged by the carrying trade, but all wants shall be supplied by production at home.

But now we come back to the more practical question. In view of all this, can British coal maintain its supremacy in the markets of the world? Welsh coal is in thin seams, American steam coal in thick; Welsh coal used to go to Valparaiso, now Chili supplies its place—at some loss of quality—from her own mines near Coronel. Under these circumstances, is it much use to talk of limiting the output, or even to put a minimum wage into the sliding scale? We can understand and sympathize with the miners' eagerness to prevent the coal owners from "undercutting" one another. We do not believe they can prevent Welsh coal from being undercut in foreign markets by the product of West Virginia or Chili. Would it not be well to look beyond the United Kingdom, to accept the inevitable, and to abandon a demand which seems to be incompatible with the facts of the situation? The tinplate trade has been stolen away by America. Is the steam coal trade to be presented to her?

From Macmillan's Magazine.

NAPOLÉON AND JOSEPHINE AT  
BAYONNE.

It is related of Thackeray (with what truth I know not) that, before writing "The Virginians," he repeatedly asked a friend, who was supposed to know, to tell him all he could about Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. The friend at length, tired of the questions, answered testily, "What on earth do you want to know about him?" "Well," said Thackeray, "I should like to know what sort of breeches he wore." Precisely so; we do want to know what kind of clothes our heroes wore, or in other words, to picture what manner of men they were in every-day life.

Details of some interesting incidents have lately been unearthed by that indefatigable searcher in local archives, Monsieur Ducéré of the Bayonne Library, and are related in his articles on "Les Environs de Bayonne," which incidentally place forcibly before the reader the daily life and habits of Napoleon during his four months' stay, with Josephine, at that ancient fortress in the eventful year 1808.

But let us first see what brought Napoleon to the foot of the Pyrenees at the period mentioned, and in doing so, we shall perhaps discover some of the causes and objects of the great Peninsular War.

On October 21st, 1805, the battle of Trafalgar had been fought and won, and the genius of Nelson had once for all taught the lesson that an English fleet need not be kept for ever cruising in the Channel to protect us from invasion, so long as our enemy's squadrons could be marked down and fought wherever they were found. The flat-bottomed boats and all the naval paraphernalia, so ostentatiously collected on the opposite shores of the Channel to transport Napoleon's two hundred thousand men, vauntingly called the Army of England, to quarter themselves in Lombard Street, had been dispersed, and the armed host directed against Austria, instead of crossing that little silver streak, the command of which Bonaparte perceived, two months be-

fore, that he could never obtain so long as England possessed men of the stamp of Nelson.

But although Napoleon was obliged to abandon his project, put up with failure and divert his forces, he never for a moment gave up his intention of humiliating the English nation. She had neither the territory nor the population of other great European nations; but she had wealth, and wealth requires trade for its accumulation. Bonaparte saw that her commerce and her carrying-trade were the sources of her riches and of her naval power; to attack them, then, was his fixed determination, and although he sneered at us as a "nation of shopkeepers," it may well be said that his first care was to see that we had no customers. By his decrees all commerce with the British Isles was forbidden to Europe, of which he was dictator; and, to use a latter-day expression unknown at that period, England was boycotted by Napoleon's command. She retaliated by orders in council blockading the Continental ports; the customary luxuries from abroad, and even the necessities of life, could be but with difficulty obtained, and friends and foes alike were equally inconvenienced.

Now at this time, the weak kingdom of Portugal, although trembling at Napoleon's alarming victories, was friendly towards England, whose trade with her and, still more, through her with Spain, was considerable. Both countries being thus bound together by the ties of mutually beneficial commerce, Portugal was, as Napier puts it, "virtually an ungarrisoned province of England," and, what was more, could be invaded overland by marching through Spanish territory. By what appeared to be a most fortunate combination of circumstances, Napoleon, whose lucky star seemed to be in the ascendant, was willingly induced to embark on an undertaking which in the end proved to be his ruin.

That extraordinary man Manuel Godoy, who, from a gentleman-trooper of the Royal Guard, rose to be Prime



Minister of Spain, to command armies, and to receive the still more extraordinary, though real, title of Prince of the Peace, notwithstanding the fact that he was a soldier and the principal instigator of war, at this time made proposals to Bonaparte which exactly suited the ambitious designs of the latter. The suggestions were, to take Portugal, depose the reigning family, and divide the country into three principalities, of one of which he, Godoy, was to be the acknowledged ruler as he then was the virtual ruler of Spain; for Charles the Fourth, by means of the Queen's influence, was completely under this adventurer's control. Godoy's propositions, if carried out, would not only throw open the road to Portugal by way of Spain, but also offered the assistance of the Spanish armies to aid Napoleon, who, seeing how much his own plans, which embraced, as it turned out, great dynastic projects over Spain itself, would be advanced by the arrangement, accepted the proposals, and they were embodied in the secret convention of Fontainebleau, ratified by Napoleon on October 29th, 1807.

But this was not all; the Spanish reigning family itself, with singular infatuation, seemed bent upon its own ruin, by seeking Napoleon's arbitration in their own private quarrels. On October 11th, 1807, Charles the Fourth's eldest son (afterwards Ferdinand the Seventh and father of the ex-Queen Isabella<sup>1</sup>) wrote to Napoleon, complaining of Godoy's influence over his father in the affairs of the nation; and, as a bribe to so powerful an arbiter, proposing himself as a husband to a princess of the emperor's family. Hardly had his letter been read, when King Charles himself also sought Napoleon's arbitration, accusing Ferdinand of intended matricide.

Spanish affairs were naturally in a very distracted condition, for the

*liaison* between Godoy and the queen seems to have been well known, and to have become a great public scandal, with the result that Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, became the popular favorite of a proud and aristocratic nation, who resented being ruled by a *parvenu* through the influence of an abandoned queen's infatuation and her dominating power over a weak and imbecile husband.

The French troops had already entered Spain, in anticipation of the Fontainebleau treaty; and the first step had been taken in that Peninsular drama which was to be fruitful in many a bloody fight, to exile an emperor and one of the mightiest warriors the world has ever seen, to dethrone three reigning sovereigns, to replace rightful, if in two cases incapable, rulers on the thrones of Spain, Portugal and France,<sup>2</sup> and lastly, to cover with undying glory that British army which at its commencement was, strange as it may now appear, despised at home and absolutely ridiculed abroad.

The chief *rendez-vous* of the French armies was Bayonne, in the southwest corner of France, near the Spanish frontier. This interesting old town, under the shadow of the Pyrenees and within five miles of the now fashionable Biarritz, is a place of considerable strength, commanded by an important citadel on an eminence overhanging the right bank of the tidal Adour, which washes the walls of Vauban's fortifications surrounding the town itself on the opposite shore. Here Napoleon came on April 14th, 1808, but he did not stay here long; "I am horribly lodged," he wrote to Josephine, "and I am going in an hour to instal myself in a country-house half a mile away." This country-house was none other than the celebrated Château de Marrae,

<sup>2</sup> Ferdinand the Seventh was afterwards restored to the throne of Spain, John the Sixth to that of Portugal, and Louis the Eighteenth placed on the throne of France. Napoleon himself, on his way to Elba, was hooted and attacked by the populace in the south of France, so much so that he had to be disguised in an Austrian cavalry uniform. Eleven months later he was again received with open arms.

<sup>1</sup> The abolition of the *Salic* law by Ferdinand in favor of this daughter Isabella, to the exclusion of his brother Don Carlos, was the origin of the two long Carlist wars which have taken place in Spain.



in which took place so many curious events in a singularly eventful period. It is now a ruin, having been gutted by fire in 1825, and the picturesque grounds are occupied as a park for the artillery of the garrison. Here it was, on the banks of the silver Nive, that the scene occurred, a little later on, when the King of Spain, his queen and Ferdinand, having been decoyed into visiting the emperor at Bayonne, found themselves his prisoners. The last named was called upon to renounce his claim, as the king had already done, to the Spanish throne in favor of Napoleon; but had refused to obliterate his name and race from the sovereigns of Europe. Thereupon King Charles, Godoy and the queen, who were but puppets in the emperor's hands, were introduced to brow-beat Ferdinand into submission; and there and then it was that the shameless queen, probably in fear of Napoleon's punishment of her husband, her paramour and herself, if his wishes were not complied with, outraged all decency in a scandalous harangue addressed to her son, telling him to his face and in presence of her husband, a younger son, and those assembled, that although he was her son, he was not the king's offspring. She accused him of intended parricide, and demanded of Napoleon the punishment of the "traitor" and his associates.

Napoleon presently stopped this disgraceful scene, when it had gone far enough for his purpose of bringing the royal family still further into contempt among the Spanish people, with these words: "I confer on Ferdinand the crown of Naples, and on Don Carlos [a younger brother of Ferdinand] that of Etruria, with one of my nieces in marriage to each of them; let them now declare if they will accept this proposal." Don Carlos replied that he was not born to be a king, but an Infant of Spain. Ferdinand hesitated, whereupon the emperor sarcastically remarked, "Prince, your choice lies between compliance and death." Ferdinand was given six hours for consideration; but with such an invitation

it is hardly to be wondered at that he signed his abdication in Napoleon's favor.

Little can be said for either Ferdinand or Charles; nevertheless it should be remembered that there was no chance of fighting for their kingdom, for the French had already, by various tricks and devices, hardly worthy of a friendly nation or even of an honorable foe, taken care to seize all the important fortresses in the north of Spain which lay between them and the capital, and furthermore, rendered the escape of the kidnapped king and his son impossible.

But with all these new schemes on hand, Napoleon had by no means abandoned his original design of striking at England through her commerce, and humiliating her as a nation. He ordered our friend, the prince-regent of Portugal, to close his ports to British trade, to dismiss the British minister, to confiscate the possessions of all Englishmen in his country, and to imprison the merchants, with the alternative of instant war if he disobeyed; and in order to emphasize the demand, he placed an embargo on all Portuguese ships in French ports, until an answer should reach him. What was the prince to do, with a mixed French and Spanish army even then knocking at the gates of Lisbon? The ports were therefore closed, all English property sequestered, and Lord Strangford, our minister, embarked in one of the ships of a British squadron, which at once carried out a rigorous blockade of the Tagus.

The prince regent, however, soon discovered that although the emperor had forbidden him to leave his dominions, he had no intention of allowing him to continue to rule over them. A sentence in the *Moniteur* warned him of his fate: "The House of Braganza has ceased to reign," he read one morning, and forthwith, accepting the inevitable, he took the hint by claiming the protection of his former allies. He embarked and sailed for the Portuguese possessions in Brazil,<sup>1</sup> escorted by four men-

<sup>1</sup> Some years afterwards, he returned from

of-war belonging to that British nation against which he had, but some hours before, closed his ports. As he dropped down the wintry tide of the Tagus, on November 29th, 1807, he saw his country's flag torn down from the citadel, and replaced by the emperor's eagles.

In the year 1808, then, when Napoleon was at Bayonne, he had by stratagem or force become arbiter of the fate of the two kingdoms, for his brother-in-law Murat, with a brilliant force of cavalry, was by this time master of Madrid, which he had occupied on the ridiculous plea of being on his way to Cadiz to embark his troops on board the French fleet. But although Napoleon was all powerful on land, the sea, thanks to the British navy, was still free, and fortunately the Peninsula possessed a long coast line, on which succor could be thrown to aid Portugal in her struggle for freedom, and eventually for the assistance of the whole Peninsula, when the Spanish nation should at length awake to a sense of her own humiliating position and a perception of who were her real friends. English gold in profusion, arms, equipment and stores had already been despatched to Portugal, and a force of nearly thirty thousand men accompanied the British fleet which hovered off the coast from the Bay of Biscay to Gibraltar. Such was the state of affairs when Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the command of all the troops embarked (some nine thousand being under his immediate orders) without any definite direction as to where he was to land, or what he was to do. He disembarked at the mouth of the Mondego river, about half way between Lisbon and Oporto, on August 1st, 1808, but ere this had taken place, he had, by some extraordinary vacillation or confusion in the government, been deprived of the chief command, which was given to Sir Hew Dalrymple, with Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore also

placed above him, leaving him fourth in order of seniority. Nevertheless, he pushed inland, got in touch with, and drove in the French pickets at Brillos on August 15th, and two days later won his first Peninsular battle, by defeating part of Junot's force at Rorica, inflicting a loss of six hundred men killed and wounded, including the French general commanding among the latter, and taking his position, with a loss of nearly five hundred of his own force, which numbered but four thousand men! Four days after this, having being reinforced, he won the important battle of Vimiera, defeating Junot himself and capturing thirteen guns, a general, and several hundred prisoners. During this action, an untoward circumstance, naturally to be expected from the contradictory orders of the government, occurred. Wellesley was superseded by the arrival of Burrard, and he again by Dalrymple, the best results of the victory being lost by the change of command and consequent abandonment of Wellesley's plans. The Peninsular war was now well launched.

Such was the prelude of that great struggle which, after six years and a hundred fights, forced its author to abdicate, and resulted, a year later, in his giving himself up a prisoner to the nation which he had by every means in his power endeavored to humble and to ruin.

But let us return to Bayonne. While Napoleon was apportioning Europe, de-throning sovereigns and giving away kingdoms at will, besides having one European war on his hands and another in immediate prospect, it might reasonably be thought that this marvellous man had enough to do; but, as we shall presently see, he managed to find time to enter into much local business, and some pleasure, while staying at that ancient Lapurdum where in the third century a Roman cohort had also amused itself. Unfortunately there was no newspaper published at Bayonne in 1808, except an unenterprising Spanish sheet which was entirely under Napoleon's control; otherwise

Brasil to reign over Portugal as John the Sixth, but his son was created Emperor of Brasil, from which position his grandson was quietly removed by a bloodless revolution so lately as 1889.

French journalism would probably have furnished us with the customary details of his dinners, and we should possibly have learned also the color of his pantaloons as well as of the rusty old greatcoat in which he took his constant walks about the quaint old town, with its narrow, tortuous streets, high houses, and parti-colored jalousies swinging from the many windows.

Our own Black Prince had a hand in the building of the handsome cathedral, in which his coat-of-arms (three leopards) still appears on the groined roof of the nave. A simple bridge of country boats, at the junction of the smoothly-flowing Adour with its more beautiful and rapid tributary the Nive, then connected the citadel with the town itself, while the green glacis without the walls then, as now, furnished the usual promenade for the border townsfolk, both Basque and Bayonnais, Labourdin and Navarrese. Napoleon had reached Bayonne on April 14th, 1808, and Josephine had joined him from Bordeaux a fortnight later. Not a day passed that he did not make a tour of the streets and environs, sometimes mounted, often in a carriage accompanied by her, and always attended by an imposing staff and glittering escort. He pursued the most unexpected routes, invariably returning by a different road, and keenly observed all he saw.

The village of Boucau, on the right bank of the Adour about two miles below the town, was a favorite resort, and here, as at the *Chambre d'Amour* near Biarritz, he used to play with Josephine like a school-boy in holiday-time, chasing her along the sands, and pushing her into the sea at the edge of the tide, until she was up to her knees in water; and this, too, often in view of the boatmen, or others who happened to be watching their light-hearted gambols. Happy himself in those moments of innocent enjoyment, it is but a sorry reflection that at this very time he was also employed in dethroning kings and destroying the happiness of nations. But little recks the crowd of golfers which frequents the high plateau of the

lighthouse at Biarritz to-day, that early in the century the dictator of Europe and his wife bathed and played together on the Plage below; or, that the English Guards, in pursuit of his army, threw out their pickets, a year or two later, on the very ground where now they tee their golf-balls.

In front of the *Chambre d'Amour*, which was a cave (now no longer existing) in the cliff where two lovers were said to have been surprised and drowned by the advancing tide, Napoleon and Josephine, also to all appearance lovers, passed many a pleasant hour together. "He," says Lieutenant Niegolewski, of the Polish Light Cavalry of the Imperial Guard, "used to hide her satin shoes on the sands while she was in the water, and not allow us to bring them to her, but make her walk from the beach to the *calèche* bare-footed, which gave him immense delight."<sup>1</sup> She, too, although no longer in her first youth, for she was then in her forty-fifth year, being six years his senior, was equally full of fun, as an amusing little incident, which occurred at the time, will well illustrate. A harpsichord in the *Château de Marzac* requiring to be tuned, a man arrived one morning to attend to the instrument. Josephine, simply attired, entered the room, watched him at his work, and, leaning with her elbows on the harpsichord, entered freely into conversation, to which the tuner was nothing loth. She asked him many questions about his work, in which she seemed to take much interest. Gradually the conversation warmed into compliments on the gallant tuner's side, who, thinking he was captivating one of the lady's-maids, assured her that the empress (whom he had never seen before) was not half as pretty as she was, and was on the point of following this up by proceeding to embrace her, when sud-

<sup>1</sup> Half a century later another gentle Empress of the French, who is happily still among us, fixed upon a spot within half a mile of the *Chambre d'Amour* as the site of her bathing villa, which soon brought the fishing-village of Biarritz into notice as a fashionable watering-place. The visitor may now take up his abode in this villa, which has been converted into a large hotel.

denly the door opened and the emperor entered. Both he and the too-daring young tuner took in the situation at a glance, the latter promptly escaping without his tools as fast as his legs could carry him, and followed by peals of joyous laughter from Napoleon and the empress, who essayed in vain to call him back from the balcony.

Although the divorce of Josephine, which occurred in the following year, had probably long ere this suggested itself to the emperor's mind, as a probable means of leaving a direct heir to his throne, there can be but little doubt that he still retained much of his original affection for the attractive woman who had, in the early days, first noticed the almost unknown General Bonaparte, introduced him to a grade of society (such as it was) higher than his own, sympathetically encouraged him in all his ambitious projects, and taken a real interest in every success he attained. Scandals there were and had been, such as Monsieur Masson tells us of in Egypt, when Napoleon's unblushing infidelities were flaunted before the eyes of his staff (on which served his step-son Eugene Beauharnais), his army, and the world, in the most public manner. But for all this, and in spite of his monstrous cold-bloodedness in love or war, this man of iron had yet kept much of his early regard for her who had helped him in many a difficulty and soothed him in many a trouble in times past.

Napoleon's energy was prodigious. Nearly every morning at an early hour he might be seen, dressed in an old top coat, with a bundle of papers under his arm, threading the narrow streets of Bayonne, intent on some business which most men in his position would have been content to leave to those officially charged with its conduct. But we know that in no art more than in that of the soldier "is completeness of detail the perfection of work." A few buttons missing from the proverbial gaiters may cause the loss of a great battle; and we have only to look into the Duke of Wellington's despatches, or into the writings of the

great soldiers of our own day, such as Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket-Book," or Lord Roberts's "Forty-One Years in India," to see that the smallest detail is not too small for their attention and forethought.<sup>1</sup>

Ferdinand of Spain and his brother Don Carlos arrived on April 20th, 1808, and were lodged in the Place d'Armes, the chief square of Bayonne. They were soon followed by the Prince of the Peace, who occupied a villa at Beyris in the suburbs; while for King Charles and his queen, who quickly joined him, the Maison Dubroq (a name still familiar in Bayonne) had been prepared by the emperor, than whom, says our chronicler, no one was more particular as to etiquette, as the following letter to General Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace, will fully bear out.

*Bayonne, April 30th, 1808.*

Give orders that the troops shall be under arms from the town gate to the quarters of King Charles the Fourth. The Commandant of the town will receive him at the gate on his arrival. The citadel, as well as the ships which are in the river, will fire a salute of sixty guns. You will receive King Charles at the door of his house; the aide-de-camp, Reille, will act as governor of the king's palace; one of my chamberlains will also wait for the king, as well as Monsieur d'Oudenarde, equerry, who will have charge of the carriages; Monsieur Dumanoir, chamberlain, will place himself at the service of the queen. You will present to the king and queen those of my officers who are on duty near their Majesties. Nothing should be missing, and let them be provided for at my own expense and from my kitchen; one of my stewards and one of my cooks will be detailed for this duty. If the king has cooks, they will be able to assist mine. The governor of the king's palace will take his orders every

<sup>1</sup> A capital instance of this may be found in a long letter addressed by Napoleon, two days after his arrival at Bayonne, to Vice-Admiral Decrès, his Minister of Marine, relative to the port and shipping at Bayonne, to the coasting-trade to Bordeaux and to Lisbon, and to other naval and commercial matters. As the letter is much too long for quotation I must refer such of my readers as may feel any curiosity on the subject to M. Ducérès's work.

day; there will be a piquet of cavalry and guard of honor; there will be placed at the gate two mounted cuirassiers.

P.S.—The civil authorities of Bayonne will also go to the gate of the town to receive the king.

Here again we have the man who was then called the Ruler of the World condescending to the veriest details which might have been entrusted to an equerry or adjutant of the day; and yet this is the man who ten years earlier, writing to his brother Joseph from Egypt, declared himself weary of life—*A 29 ans j'ai tout épuisé.*

Thus were the poor Spanish royalties received with every outward mark of distinction that courtly attention could bestow, little dreaming midst the plaudits of the Bayonnais, who thronged the streets and crowded round their cumbrous old Spanish vehicles to salute them, that they were making a last royal progress from a throne towards a paltry state of pensioned prisoners in France; or that Napoleon had, prior to their arrival, sent for the editor of the only newspaper and given him his cue in these words, with regard to Ferdinand: "He is very stupid, very vicious and a great enemy to France. You feel that he has the habit of managing men; his twenty-four years' experience has not, however, been able to impose upon me, and a long war would be necessary to make me recognize him as King of Spain."

After his first visit of etiquette, Napoleon cleverly described his royal guests to Josephine in these pithy words, which of course the lady's maid, Mademoiselle Avrillon, heard quite by accident, as also did the valet Constant: "The king has the Bourbon type of face, and the air of a really good stamp of man; as to the queen, she is very ugly, and with her yellow skin she looks like a mummy. She has a false and wicked expression, and one cannot imagine any one more ridiculous, for although sixty years of age, she wears her dress *toute décolletée*, and short sleeves without gloves; it is disgusting. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, resembles a bull, and has something of

Daru about him."<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, the lady's maid considered the royal *protégé* a fine man, a favorable female opinion which is qualified by General Marbot, who says, "He was small of stature and of no distinction, although he lacked neither elegance nor ability." Charles of Spain, when he returned Napoleon's visit, displayed no nervousness as the emperor met him with all ceremony at the foot of the steps of Marrac. The king descended from his lumbering old Spanish coach, drawn by mules, with some trouble, for he had an ailment of the leg; nevertheless he stood for some time receiving, and pleasantly returning, the respectful salutations of the crowd with that easy air which is born of high position and so well became this good-natured old gentleman.

"One was struck," says our narrator, "with his commanding stature, the look of kindness imprinted on his features, and the polished manners of a man who felt himself a king wherever he was. Any one would have known him as a Bourbon and a Frenchman, in the middle of Spain." He was, however, almost as foolishly infatuated with Godoy as the queen herself. When dining at Marrac, he at once observed and commented on the absence of the Prince of the Peace, whom the emperor had purposely excluded from the list of guests, whereupon Napoleon turned with a slightly contemptuous smile to the Prefect of the Palace, and directed Godoy to be sent for. Charles enjoyed the frequent banquets given by Napoleon, and on these occasions ate largely of everything that was offered to him, although, as Constant remarks, he had the gout. He would call out to the queen, as each dish was approved, "Louise, take some of this—it is good," which much amused the emperor, who had a very moderate appetite. The king took exception to vegetables, remarking that grass (*l'herbe*) was only good for beasts. He drank no wine, but had three glasses, filled with hot,

<sup>1</sup> Count Daru was the Intendant of the Imperial household.



tepid and cold water, placed near him, the contents of which he mixed and drank, when at the proper temperature for his palate. In the evening the queen's appearance was peculiar in the extreme from her extraordinary toilette; and Josephine, out of kindness and with a hope of making some little improvement, proposed to send Monsieur Duplans, her *coiffeur*, to give the queen's attendants some lessons in hair-dressing. This was accepted, as also many necessary little gifts for the toilette, and on her majesty's reappearance she was much improved, but hardly attractive, for that, we are told, was impossible, with her short, stout figure, hard, rasping voice and badly chosen dress.

The Château de Marrac was the centre of a brilliant circle in those days; every room was occupied, and lights glittered in every window. On Josephine's arrival there was a grand illumination, the town was thronged with Spanish notables and court-officials, while dinner-parties, balls and receptions were of nightly occurrence. The emperor was surrounded by a brilliant staff, and court-functionaries and ladies-in-waiting attended the empress on all occasions. Pomp and show were everywhere in the ascendant, and side by side with the downfall of a monarch gayety reigned supreme. The beautiful park of Marrac was full of life and movement from an encampment of Imperial Guards and local guards of honor, which closely surrounded the house; for it was thought that being so near the Spanish frontier (only fourteen miles away), a sudden attempt to carry off the emperor might be made, in the same way as he had himself carried off the Duc d'Enghien from neutral territory but four years previously, and shamefully executed him in the ditch of Vincennes, after a mock trial at the dead of night.

To watch this camp beneath the windows of the *château* was one of the chief relaxations of the naturally light-hearted Josephine and her attendants. The camp-cooking, the duties and the

amusements of the soldiers were all novel and interesting to her, especially the game of *drogue*, much affected by the men of that time, which consisted of balancing, while standing on one leg, a washerwoman's clothes-peg on the tip of the nose. To vary the scene, in both dress and language, soldiers of the Mameluke cavalry, which Napoleon had embodied in his guard, were not wanting. Roustan, his favorite Mameluke orderly, was there, four of whose compatriots had been chosen, four years before, to strangle the unfortunate General Pichegru in his Paris prison, which they effected in true Oriental fashion by tightening his neck-cloth with the leg of a broken chair. Consequent on the soldiers being so close to the *château*, a laughable occurrence took place one evening. There was a ball at Marrac, and the windows were thrown open to admit the cool night air, when suddenly the music ceased, and two sentinels, who were pacing their beat below, saw a beautiful young lady run out into the balcony in her ball-dress, evidently to enjoy the refreshing breeze without. She was quickly followed by an officer in the uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, who, placing himself beside her, affectionately saluted her, when he suddenly became aware that the two sentinels, transfixed with amazement at perceiving that it was the emperor himself, had seen the incident. "Shoulder arms!" shouted the Little Corporal, in a tone of instant command, "right about turn;" which was mechanically obeyed, and the two soldiers remained immovable with their backs to the balcony, looking into space, long after Napoleon had returned to the ball-room. They were so found, fixed and immovable as statues, when the relief came round an hour or two afterwards. The idea of these two soldiers of the Guard standing motionless in the night, with their backs to the *château* and gazing steadfastly at nothing, because they had been the accidental witnesses of an emperor's indiscretion, is irresistibly comic, and savors more of *opéra-bouffe* than of real life.



It was in this park that Napoleon delighted to review these same troops, and others on their way to Spain, for the amusement, and indeed instruction, of his visitors. On these occasions his face would light up, and his whole manner change into that of the born soldier in his true element; and he instilled, as if by magic, into the men before him the extraordinary personal enthusiasm and confidence which he himself felt in their presence. It is on record that at this time, when his soldiers, who disliked the war in Spain, which was justly unpopular in the French army, arrived at Bayonne in a discontented condition, they would, the very day after being reviewed by him, march across the frontier to Irun singing merrily in the ranks and apparently perfectly happy. As the French put it: "His presence was by itself enough to revive courage; a single one of his words could kindle the love of glory in every heart."

How greatly have the glories of Marrac fallen from those brilliant days! The creeper-covered ruins of the *château* have lately become the hiding-place for the petty pilferings of an insignificant thief. Nevertheless, no visitor should leave Biarritz without seeing the remains of this historical building, which, originally erected by Marie-Anne, widow of Charles the Second of Spain, was occupied four years before Napoleon's arrival by the celebrated French Marshal Augerau, Duke of Castiglione, when Marbot was his aide-de-camp.

Napoleon, having wrested the crown of Spain from its rightful owners, as we have seen, lost no time in despatching them to the respective residences which he had selected for them in France as prisoners of State. In less than a month after his arrival in Bayonne, Ferdinand was escorted to Valençay, and on the following day (May 12th, 1808) his unprincipled mother, King Charles and the Prince of the Peace left for Compiègne.

In the meantime Napoleon had peremptorily sent for his brother Joseph, who, reluctantly quitting his books and

his quiet life as King of Naples with many just forebodings, reached Bayonne four weeks after the Spanish royal family had left it. The emperor met him in great state on the road, and conducted him to Marrac with every sign of distinction likely to impress the Spanish visitors with his high estimation of their future king. Joseph spent a month in forming his court and household, receiving deputations, consulting the members of the Junta who had been brought to Bayonne to meet him, and generally making arrangements, under his brother's guidance, for taking up his arduous and unsought position as King of Spain. On July 9th Napoleon accompanied Joseph and his imposing cavalcade of guards, grandees, counsellors and courtiers along the royal road to Spain as far as Bidart, the well known and picturesque village near Biarritz, where, five years later, the author of "The Subaltern" fought with our gallant 85th Foot under Wellington at the battles of the Nive. Here he bade adieu to Joseph, taking from his uniform the cross of the Legion of Honor which he had worn at Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland, and fastened it on to his brother's breast. The members of the Spanish Junta accompanied Joseph in three detachments, one party each day in advance, one always with him, and one bringing up the rear, while French troops, from the several garrisons on the way, met him and lined the route. So long as Joseph was near France and the emperor, he was well received by the Spanish people; but the further he travelled from the French frontier, the less was the welcome displayed and the more his *cortège* dwindled, until July 11th, when he entered Madrid without a single Spaniard in his train except the Captain-General of Navarre. The very next day he wrote thus to Napoleon: "There were two thousand men employed in the royal stables; all have left, and from nine o'clock yesterday I have not been able to find a single postilion. The peasants burn the wheels of their vehicles so that they cannot be used; and my servants, even

those who were supposed to wish to come with me, have deserted."

But it is not my purpose to follow further the eventful fortunes of King Joseph, or of his illustrious brother, who, after visiting St. Jean-de-Luz with Josephine, where he looked into everything, and ordered many public works to be carried out, quitted Chateau Marrac and Bayonne on the day on which Joseph entered Madrid. The emperor and empress passed through Puyoo and Orthez to Pau, where, in contrast to the new King of Spain at Madrid, they were received with the utmost enthusiasm, to which the triumphal arch at the entrance to the town bore testimony in this inscription, *Hommage de la ville de Pau à Napoleon le Grand.*

Napoleon had sent his armies into Spain with these grandiloquent words. "Soldiers! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, you have passed with rapid steps through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard<sup>1</sup> contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal: in terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the Pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors, but a real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all." These promises were not quite fulfilled. On the contrary, that despised British army, which was thought at the commencement of the campaign to be totally unfit to meet any French force, valiantly aided by the Portuguese, and with some assistance and much obstruction from the Spanish, swept the French, as every one knows, out of the Peninsula. Speaking generally of the results of Napoleon's designs against Great Britain, it may be noted in conclusion that,

<sup>1</sup> "Leopard" was a common expression of Napoleon's to denote the English, and originated in the three leopards (now called lions) forming part of the Royal Arms of England.

though his Army of England did not quarter itself in London, the English army did encamp in the Bois de Boulogne, where, as Lord Palmerston was himself a witness, the men did some damage to the beautiful trees in the Hyde-Park of Paris.

W. HILL JAMES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION OF GOLF.

The position of golf among games is almost exactly that of the novelist's young lady, who, while possessing no regular or recognized traits of beauty, yet exercises an undoubted attraction upon those who come within her influence; and the expression of this quality is the novelist's favorite formula, "indescribable charm." Analogies, however, should never be carried further than their first and most obvious application. Extensive as have been the conquests of the game of golf, they can never pretend to the universality of woman's sway. On the other hand, no woman, in a novel or out of it, has ever had to undergo so much contempt, ridicule, contumely and disparagement as has been directed at golf. Not only has it survived all that, however, but it has continued increasingly to flourish, whether because or in spite of the attacks it boots not to inquire. Let the simple and unassailable fact witness to it, that there are more clubs of golfers in existence to-day than there were individual players twenty years ago. To account for this, and not to criticise it, is an interesting inquiry, and the short and direct way seems to be to try to discover the "indescribable charm," and describe it if we may.

Whatever men may do in regard to the serious matters of life (golf for the purpose of this contrast at least not being serious), in their recreations they undoubtedly select and adopt those which, without deliberate analysis, they find that they like, and which offer them the kind of amusement that

appeals to them. Deduct the swarms of fashion-fles who buzz about lawn-tennis to-day, golf to-morrow, and cycling the day after, and there remains a substantial and ever-increasing number of men with the instinct of sport and play in them, who by unhesitating choice and preference follow the game of golf. In view of this, it would seem to be an easy thing to determine in what characteristic of the game the great attraction lies. All that appears necessary is to collect and collate the opinions of a number of players lying between the poles of a stroke-a-hole-man and a gold medallist. Unfortunately, experience shows that the reasons a man may give for liking a recreation are not necessarily the true ones. In nothing so much as in this do delusions and self-deception prevail. The whist-player's explanation of his devotion to the game is often a mere ingenious apology for the time he spends upon it. To believe him, he would rather be occupied in serious pursuits, but for his doctor's advice. Obviously for our purpose, who wish to know why he plays whist and not poker, such a reply is useless. If pressed, he might say he does not care to gamble, which again is no reason to the point.

Not long ago an inveterate cricketer—that is, a man who still plays Saturday cricket at the age of thirty, when the swift stoop at short-slip begins to be a trouble, and the long waits in the outfield irksome—such a man, we say, declared that the chief attraction in cricket was the element of gambling in it—in fact, that cricket was a gamble. He set forth very plausibly that if on a fine June morning he were told that his side would have to field first (by the fall of a tossed coin) and continue fielding for four hours, and that he himself would be bowled first ball, he would certainly choose another and more agreeable method of spending his day. But he is lured forth by the enchanting hope that his side may win the toss and he go in early, that the bowlers may send down to him at least twelve half-volleys, equalling forty-eight runs, and

that when he does field, as field he must, he may make three or four brilliant catches. The uncertainty of everything in cricket, and the consequent possibility of much, he thought was its special attraction; and although this uncertainty is often coupled with the adjective "glorious," he thought it was more nearly allied to that of the faro-table. Now, whether this be right or whether it be wrong, it is not the ground upon which the pursuit of the game of cricket is urged and upheld. In any event, it does not aid us in our special inquiry, for there is no such predominant element of chance or uncertainty about golf. Out of a day's cricket a man may neither have an opportunity of bowling nor of batting, whereas at golf he has the assurance of actively participating in every department of the game. His particular unhappiness, or otherwise, will flow from the way in which he acquits himself, but he will certainly have his game of eighteen holes, so many strokes to each, all to be made by him.

Have we here the secret of the matter, and are we to conclude that the appeal which golf makes so successfully lies in the assurance given to every player that he will at least have his "whack?" Doubtless this certainty of continuous active exercise is an attraction, but that it is not the chief, and far less the distinctive one, is evident at once from the consideration that the more "whacks" a man makes the less is he pleased. A player who will be satisfied to have completed a round at golf in eighty-five strokes will be miserable for the rest of the day, an object of aversion to his friends and family, if he has had to make ninety-five. Clearly, if his purpose were mere exercise the conditions would be reversed; he would keep his despondency for the round of eighty-five strokes, and consider himself deprived by play of unfortunate brilliancy of ten good health-giving knocks. Similarly, no man laboring in a sand-bunker has ever been known to find compensation for his misfortune in the exercise which his efforts to extricate his ball entailed

upon him. The golfer has yet to be discovered, probably to be born, who shall emerge smiling from a hazard with the observation that he cares not for the loss of the hole, for those four extra strokes have set him up wonderfully in health. Stone-breaking has been recommended before now by physicians to plethoric subjects, but no one ever took to it, neither will any one willingly expend an extra stroke at golf. No; it is not the exercise. If it were, would not that couple of elderly men, who took to the game but recently, and whose farthest drive is barely fifty yards, invite you to pass, as they were only having some mild exercise? Whereas, do they not rather insist with steraness on keeping their place, and on what they call "the courtesy of the green?" It is the more necessary thus to insist that exercise is not the great, far less the distinctive, attraction in golf, because so many players insist that it is so. If further proof be wanted of how little the consideration of physical benefit weighs with mankind, it may be found in the physician's constant recommendation of walking. In a daily walk of an hour lies the preventive of many of the ills that afflict us, and yet how few will do that moderate amount of pedestrianism even at the urging of such self-interest. Clearly we must look more closely into the witchery of golf.

It is evident that the precise distinctive something of appeal in the game must be a characteristic which it does not share with any other. On the apparently sound principle already mentioned, however, that mankind does not closely analyze or reason about its amusements, the distinctive something is not necessarily obvious, otherwise the majority of observers would at once assert that whereas in golf you strike a ball from a state of rest, in most other out-door games played with a ball and propelling instrument, the ball has to be taken while in motion. (Croquet may be disregarded in the comparison; its special attraction has long been clearly re-

vealed as something quite extraneous to the game.) It would also seem to be a safe assertion that to play a ball in motion demands more skill than to play one at rest. Before concluding on so apparently convincing a proposition, however, it is necessary to examine it more closely, and its simplicity vanishes when the purposes and conditions of the stroke are taken into account. If at golf it were merely required to strike the ball, there would be few failures, and no game. But although the ball be at rest, the object of the play demands that it must be propelled (with a fair margin for error) in a given line and to a certain distance (in a considerable proportion of cases as far as is possible) with reference to a number of hazards which (like the fieldsmen at cricket) stand in wait to punish failure to fulfil these conditions. And here it may be observed that a fieldsmen may miss a catch, or fail to stop a hit, for he is human and has nerves; a sand-bunker has neither nerves nor senticiency, and never fails to retain the golf-ball played into its grasp. Further, although in cricket the ball comes to the player in motion, he is not required to strike it with any special force nor in any particular direction; his primary object is to prevent it striking his wicket. In a large proportion of cases he is highly gratified at being able to do so. In a smaller proportion of cases, notably when the stumps are not in danger, he may play the ball so that it is possible to make runs. As all the world knows, a man may bat in pure defence of his wicket with tedious skill for hours, making but few runs, and yet be playing cricket; the attempt to make runs is entirely within his own choice. This large element of choice at cricket goes far to minimize the difficulty of playing a ball in motion. Indeed, on perfect wickets, such as can be prepared in Australia, the number of balls which present serious difficulty to a first-class batsman is not great, and occasionally such a rate of scoring as one hundred and twenty runs an hour can be attained. It is apparent, therefore, that the difficulty of playing

a ball in motion is liable to be overstated.

Now at golf there is nothing to correspond to this defensive attitude at cricket. It is a game of force all through—of utmost force and some judgment for one-half of the play, of lesser force and more intent judgment for the other half. Though the ball is played from rest, it must be played to a certain distance, in a given line, towards a fixed goal; and it may well be a question whether the skill necessary to do all this is not as great as, or even greater than, what is required at cricket to keep a moving ball from striking three stumps. All the while he is playing, the golfer must never cease exerting his power and skill; while the batsman has it in his choice to play for half an hour and yet contribute nothing more to victory than the man who went out first ball. Therefore the special seduction of golf does not lie in the apparent simplicity of playing a ball from a state of rest. True that to the outsider this characteristic does cause the game to appear easy—so easy, indeed, as to make it seem not worth playing, and therefore his opinion is valueless. It is only when the outsider has been tempted into the magic circle, and become a novice, that we see the subtle mystery at work tempting him on ever deeper into the tantalizing despairs of "Badminton" and a too full bag of clubs. Somewhere between this novice with his powers, fancied or real, and the conditions of the game, stern and unyielding, lies the solution of the attraction of golf. But, again, the novice's account of the matter is rarely to the purpose; he is too deeply under the golf-spell to explain, even if he cares to reflect, how he got into that state and why he continues in it.

Another game which makes an appeal somewhat similar in kind, but more universal than even golf, is billiards. Here you play a ball at rest; but there is this essential difference, that your ball at billiards is constantly an object of attack by your opponent; it is an integral element of his play as

well as your own, and it is his play as much as your own which determines the starting-point and conditions of your strokes. The effect of this upon their ease or difficulty operates so largely as to introduce that consideration of luck so dear to the heart of defeated humanity. "The balls ran badly for me all the evening," or "He won by his flukes," are staple phrases of excuse familiar to every one who plays billiards; he has heard them and he has used them.

We are now coming near, as we believe, to the mysterious attraction of golf. Not only is the element of luck smaller in golf than in any other of the ball games, but, save in the relatively rare case of stimpie, the opponent by his play cannot directly prejudice yours. You are absolute master of your ball all the time; what is done, well or ill, is done by you. Here, we believe, lies the secret we are in search of; and this is the true psychological explanation of the fascination the game exerts. Nothing happens in the play of the ball that the player is not the author of, as absolutely as that can ever be said of anything done by poor humanity acting with imperfect powers in a world not too kindly adapted to these powers. The appeal which such conditions makes to humanity is undoubtedly very powerful, as a little examination will show.

And, first, it is necessary to remember that no man willingly admits his inferiority to another. Of two school-fellows, one becomes, say, a wholesale chandler and the other a lord chancellor. If you will listen to the chandler you will find that the operations of fortune, as they manifest themselves in position, friends, influence and propitious opportunities, have conspired to make a chancellor of one who in truth was best adapted for a chandler; while the actual chandler has every qualification necessary for a really brilliant and successful chancellor. Now, in golf you have a game (pity that in this respect it is only a game) which infallibly sorts men out into better and worse golfers, without leaving them a



single ground of deprecatory appeal to fortune. The golfer stands up at a small plat of ground and chooses any spot which seems to him the best on which to place his ball. To obviate cause of complaint for conceivable inequalities in the growth of grass, he may even make a little mound of sand on which to prop it, which may vary in size with his fancy from a worm-cast to a mole-hill. He then selects the club most suitable (or which he thinks most suitable—for there is a subtle humor in that too) for his style, age, weight and height, and with everything thus disposed in his favor, all he is asked to do is to strike that ball as far as possible in a certain direction. He may, in doing this, stand as he pleases, swing his club as he pleases, make what antics he pleases, play in a shirt or a shooting-coat; he is absolute monarch of the conditions under which he shall strike (or attempt to strike) that ball. Was there ever before such ridiculous, organized liberty of procedure in anything to be called a game? Is it wonderful that its appeal is irresistible to human beings who never get anything in life without distasteful conditions? Is any imaginable man proof against such provocation? Can any one refuse such a challenge? But as he hastens to take it up he does not see, vain man, the dire nature of the humiliation that follows if he fail in the trial. In the elation natural at having everything thus arranged in his favor, it does not occur to him that failure must inevitably be the failure of him—him alone. And when failure does happen (which it does more often than is explicable except upon a low estimate of average human capacity), how the natural man leaps forth to palliate it! A fly, a tree, moving clouds, the glitter of a button on an opponent's coat, will be called upon to serve as reasons, although every one knows no truth lies that way, and that the player himself knows it. No; it was he who missed—he alone. And equally, if the opponent succeeds, it is *he* who succeeds; this is wherein lies the application of the parable of the chandler and

the chancellor. We see thus two direct assaults upon the pride and convictions of the natural man; the success of the opponent whose possibilities are no better than his—if so good; and the constant mocking challenge of the conditions of the stroke. To the first no man will willingly submit, while few can resist the latter; and therefore the adage, *Once a golfer, always a golfer*. The actual experience, which in due time shows that this game, so apparently easy, is really difficult, does not seriously affect the attitude of the player. He is never disillusioned; the one thing he will not credit is the necessity for failure to happen. The guileless simplicity of the game, when once he is persuaded to attempt it, works upon the weakest side of his nature, for no mental effort is required to grasp its conditions; and he can see nothing in these that should prevent him rivalling the best feats accomplished at it. So nicely calculated are these things to delude the average human mind that they survive the bitterest teachings of experience, and draw it on ever deeper into the plausibilities of a recreative confidence-trick.

It is not for nothing that the game of golf comes from Scotland. One would like to think that the fine conception it embodies sprang from the brain of one man, and that his name may yet be recovered in order that due honor may be paid him. We can imagine him some humorous moralist who thus enshrined one of the subtlest and most searching criticisms of humanity, not in a poem, play, or book of dogma, but in a game; one who, perceiving how attractive is the element of chance in games, how large a share has been allotted to it even in those in which skill is called for, how salutary are its operations to the loser and how enjoyable to the winner—yet conceived the possibility and framed the conditions of the game of golf, wherein the element of chance should be almost completely eliminated, and a man, seduced by that pleasing consideration, be made his own censor in a ruder and blunter fashion than by almost any other pur-



suit, serious or recreative. The golfer stands up at the first tee in the exhilarating conviction that he is author and master of all that will happen to his ball; what is to be done will be done by him. He holes-out on the eighteenth green in most cases with a sense of defeat, yet conscious that he has had no real opponent but himself. One would dearly like to believe that one man, one nameable man, if possible, imagined and created this game; but the probabilities are against it. Far more likely it is that not one mind but many minds have made it what it is, have elaborated it in course of time from grass-tees to sand-tees, from rude, natural putting-greens to smooth-shaven swards—each improvement of ground, club and ball only increasing the grim jest of the game.

If it be objected that there is, after all, a good deal of luck in the fall and lie of the ball through the "fair-green," we can only reply that without that admixture of chance, that small concession to human frailty in the matter of reasons for its failures, the game would have been so diabolically distracting that no one would have played it. After the fair-green comes the putting-green, where our imaginary ancient humorist resumes his sway. There he permits you to remove loose obstacles in your path to the hole, so determined is he that if you fail it shall go home with terrible conviction to you that it was you who failed. You may, as far as he is concerned, take almost any implement, call it a putter, and aim to put that ball into yonder hole—that little ball into yonder big hole—from a distance of say six feet. Whether, when you miss, he from his place in the supernal laughs or weeps, who shall say?

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From Chambers's Journal.  
IN DARKEST TOKIO.

Those who have gathered their impressions of Japan from writers of the Sir Edwin Arnold type would imagine the country to be a land of eternal sun-

shine, where want and care were unknown, and where the people led simple lives, free from the evils of both luxury and want. Even among many who have lived for years in Japan, it has been the conventional view that, if wages are low, living and shelter are so cheap that there is nowhere to be seen such terrible destitution as is visible in Western cities. The truth is that foreigners seldom take the trouble to investigate the conditions under which the lowest class exists—it can hardly be described as living—in the larger Japanese cities. They do not know the shifts and struggles in which thousands are engaged in such towns as Tokio and Osaka in order to keep body and consciousness together. Industrialism, we have been told, is responsible for much of the destitution in the great towns of the West, as it produces a condition of things under which the poor grow poorer and the rich richer. But in Japan industrialism, with its tendency to aggregate the workers in factories, in which capital can more easily exploit labor, is comparatively a new thing. In some respects and in certain localities it may have intensified the struggle for existence, but it certainly did not create the state of destitution under which large masses of the town populations live.

The problem of poverty has not hitherto attracted much attention in Japan, where, as in other Oriental countries, it has been looked upon as a necessary evil. As in Palestine, "The poor ye have always with you" summed up the situation to-day and for all time; and no Japanese philosopher has even suggested that it would be a solution if the rich sold all they had and gave the proceeds to the poor. Again, the fact that there has been no system of national relief to the destitute, no poor-rate, no institutions similar to our workhouses, and few, if any, charity organizations, has doubtless also had its effect in preventing any discussion of the problem. But the introduction of Western literature and Western ideas into the country is beginning to attract attention to the subject; and

within the last few months a remarkable series of articles has been contributed to the *Kokumin Shimbum*, a vernacular journal of considerable influence, dealing with the conditions under which so many thousands live and die in such a city as Tokio. The chapters have recently been collected and published by *The Eastern World*, an English weekly published in Yokohama, and they form remarkable reading.

Emulating the methods of some English journalists, Mr. Matsubara Iwagoro, the author, clothed himself in the most ragged and shabby of garments, and went down into the poorest districts of Tokio, working, eating and sleeping as those about him did, in order to thoroughly realize the conditions under which their existence was passed. Life in the capital of the empire he found to be supported by tens of thousands simply on the leavings of their more fortunate brethren, while shelter from the elements was obtained in erections that were little more than kennels. In many parts of Tokio a few thin boards, having a frontage of about nine feet, and roofed with some cracked tiles, constitute the houses of the poor. The timber is old and broken, the floors scarcely raised above the ground, and the posts barely substantial enough to keep the houses upright. In a place called Samegahashi these low, one-story houses adjoin each other like the compartments of a railway train. In another district, known as Mannencho, matters are still worse; while a collection of several hundred houses in a third district, known as Shin-ami-cho, show a degree of dirt and squalor that defies description. The alleys are a swamp of foul water; dead rats lie festering in the sun; the public latrines—to give them a more decent name than they deserve—are left to take care of themselves; heaps of old clogs, spoiled rice and decaying fish make the air pestiferous; the houses are ruinous hovels, with tattered straw-mats supplying the place of broken tiles; and, to sum up, says the investigator, "the place looks like a fort in the wilderness

that has been riddled by shot and shell."

Such houses have landlords, and those who live, sleep, eat, work and bring up families in them have to pay rent like other people. Rents are collected daily and in advance, for otherwise the landlord would never get his due, as of course those who inhabit such hovels simply live from hand to mouth. There are degrees of "desirableness" even in these lower deeps. For houses of the "best" class, having one room of four and a half *mats* (a *mat* is six feet by three, the dimensions of Japanese rooms being always thus calculated), the rent is four *sen* a day—that is, one penny in English values; but these are comparatively of a superior class. In the *nagaya* (long houses under one roof, divided into compartments) a dwelling occupies only three *mats*, placed side by side, so that with such a restricted space all household work is perforce done outside. For such a room the rent charged is two or three farthings per day. But there are still lower depths to which unfortunate wretches may sink, and these have to be content with houses whose accommodation may be gauged from the fact that the rent exacted is from one and a half to one and three-quarters farthing per day. These places are ruinous hovels which are never repaired, and "resemble the caves or hiding places of wild beasts;" nevertheless, horrible and wretched as is the accommodation, one hovel will sometimes shelter two or more families.

What occupation, it will be asked, do the people follow who are driven to such extremities as this? Mr. Matsubara says that the inhabitants of these places are small hawkers, rag-men, second-hand clothes dealers, decayed jinrikisha-men, coolies who drag heavy loads from distant villages for eight farthings a journey, shampooers (many of whom are blind), charm-doctors, perambulating story-tellers, and cross-road lecturers (or "reciters," as they would be called in England), together with men and women belonging to what may be called the lowest grade of

the criminal classes; though these are few in number compared to those whose only crime is poverty. The furniture of the houses is of a character with the rickety buildings. The thick straw-mats, laid on the rough boards of Japanese floors, are broken and torn, and the straw protrudes in frayed tufts; but on them a family of four or five persons will sit, sleep, eat and drink, and work. Yet there is always room for the little *Butsudan*, or Buddhist shrine, at which the family pray. "The gods," says the Japanese writer, "have forsaken the poor; but the poor—one scarcely understands why—still cling to the gods." The bedding is simply a heap of rags; and when times are particularly hard even this becomes a luxury. The *hibachi* over which food is cooked—when it can be procured—is battered and broken, and the family kettle is in a similar plight. Such, together with a paper umbrella and a few much-worn clogs, comprise what may be dignified by the name of furniture in these hovels; and it is under such conditions that tens of thousands live in Tokio.

It is impossible for such people to buy clean rice in quantity sufficient to satisfy hunger, and so remnants of food thrown away by houses of the better class are systematically collected from door to door by men who scrape a subsistence out of the business, and the damaged or soiled rice is dried and sold at very low prices under the name of *hoshii*. Thus the leavings of rice at the Military College are collected and sold to the poor at six or seven *rin* a pound (ten *rin* equal one farthing). In the same way remnants of fish and pickled or boiled vegetables are collected and sold by measure. The entrails of large fish can be purchased cheap, and there are shops where small portions of shark and tunny-fish can be procured at prices that will suit the means of the poor wretches who live each day from hand to mouth. Those who earn as much as ten *yen* (twenty shillings) a month spend about one-half in food, whilst the other half goes for house-rent, cloth-

ing, bedding, household utensils, and the various daily necessities. But there are few of the class here particularly dealt with whose earnings reach ten *yen* a month.

However destitute their condition, the poor have harpies that batten on their misfortunes. There are many small money-lenders in the poor quarters of Tokio, and lenders of small articles that the poor need but cannot afford to buy, whose business is a very profitable one. The pawnbroker, says the author, does not refuse anything that has cost above ten *sen*, and lends money on it. He will make advances on bedding, mosquito-nets, rice-tubs, iron kettles, paper umbrellas, braziers, pails, clogs, sandals, plants in flower-pots—even cats and canaries have been known to be pawned, as well as *itai*, the wooden tablets on which the posthumous name of a dead person is written or carved. As, however, bedding, umbrellas, old kettles, etc., are not first-class security, pawnbrokers charge double and treble the usual interest on goods of that character. The Japanese government regulations recognize an interest of two and a half *sen* per *yen* a month (or two and a half farthings per two shillings); but there are few whose pledges reach the value of a *yen*, the customary values ranging from ten to fifty *sen*; and the rate of interest on these small loans often reaches eight per cent. a month—that is, within a fraction of cent. per cent. per annum.

The busiest financiers in the poor quarters of Tokio, next to the pawnbrokers, are the *hinashi*—lenders of money to be paid back in daily instalments. One can borrow one *yen* and repay three *sen* per day for forty days, or borrow eighty *sen* and repay two *sen* per day for fifty days. The rate of interest is, however, the same—that is, at the rate of a hundred and eighty-two per cent. per annum. In addition to this, the borrower must pay the lender five *sen* for his trouble, and one *sen* for the stamp on the promissory note; so that, as in other countries and with larger amounts, the borrower never receives the full amount of his loan.

Such is a glimpse into the conditions of existence under which some tens of thousands pass their lives in Tokio. Nor is this destitution confined to the capital; for every large town in the kingdom, the open ports not excepted, can supply parallels closely approximating to the conditions prevailing in the principal city of the empire. At present the forces which, out of sheer desperation, make for disorder are comparatively quiescent in Japan, the strength to be found in combination not being realized. Mr. Matsubara, however, looks forward to a time when the "great, hungry beast" that lurks in the secluded places of Tokio will learn its strength, and realize that "it need no longer hunger and suffer to provide luxury and ease for its keepers. . . . Then," he declares in a burst of passionate rhetoric, "the unseen coils will begin to tighten, and the beast will find that it can crush, that the bars of the cage that confine it are mere stage property, painted paper to which it has given its face-value. Then a soul will be born unto the beast, a soul of passion whose fire will devour its rags and its filth, its very self, and the glorious immortal soul that rises from the ashes will clothe itself with a new body of light that will give food and warmth to all alike; and the roar of the beast will become a song of thanksgiving and praise that will find a joyful echo in the far corners of the land. As yet, however, the beast is blind—as blind as its keepers.

This passage is characteristically Japanese—vague denunciation and spirited declamation, without a single

practical suggestion. But the problem which these glimpses of life in Tokio disclose is one which the Japanese government will be compelled to face sooner or later. Already there are signs that the coolie class is beginning to understand its strength. For example, attacks are frequently made on rice-dealers who are believed to be keeping up the price of rice for speculative purposes; and the police, a handful of whom could a few years ago overawe a mob of a thousand, now find it increasingly difficult to preserve order or subdue a riot. A few weeks ago a mob completely wrecked the premises of a tobacconist in Tokio because some prizes he promised to those who purchased his cigarettes were not forthcoming; and the police were completely powerless, the riot lasting for several hours before it was quelled, and not a single man being arrested. It is estimated that there are at least sixty thousand powerful coolies in the capital of Japan who would at any time be ready to follow a leader who promised them an improvement of their condition, and to this number there must be added at least as many more of inferior physique who would be ready to assist. The Japanese government is at present occupied with problems of military expansion to the exclusion of almost everything else; but it is very certain that, unless some effort is made to grapple with the problem of poverty, Japan, in face of the new ideas and new aspirations which are being voiced in its press, has serious troubles looming ahead.

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Bismarck's Memoirs will, so it is stated, be published before Christmas, and may be expected to put many of the events of his historical career in a new aspect. No doubt we shall have in England a good deal of Bismarck literature before the end of the year. We may state that Mr. William Jacks, D. L., the translator of Lessing's "Nathan

the Wise," has been at work for some years past upon a "Life and Times of Bismarck" which is intended chiefly for British readers. This work has involved an immense deal of research, as the book will be an original work, and not a copy of the histories which have gone before.—Literature.

